

THE  
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THE INTERMEDIATE STATE OF THE DEAD.

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BY THE EDITOR.  
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ERRORS, ANCIENT AND MODERN, CONCERNING THE INTERMEDIATE STATE.

JOB, speaking of the place of the dead, calls it "a land of darkness, as darkness itself; and of the shadow of death, without any order, and where the light is as darkness."

1. In the early ages of the world, and even now in some heathen lands, the place of the dead is conceived of as a dark, indistinct, and dreamy region, situated somewhere beneath the earth. This was the first expression of the instinctive longing of the soul after immortality—the first rational or natural denial of the extinction of our being in death. It was natural that in the infantile state in which the human mind existed in the early ages of the world, that this childish conception should spring into existence, and exert a controlling influence over the imaginations of men. Their friends died, and their bodies were deposited in subterranean vaults and caves; hence arose the idea of the dark, underground region where they were supposed to live. This region was called among the Hebrews *Sheol*, and among the Greeks *Hades*—which terms mean a place of darkness, where nothing is seen, or, specifically, the place of departed spirits. In this land of darkness and silence the dead retained their living personality in the form of mysterious shadows, and, hence, were called *manes*, or shades. This land of shadows was to them desirable, because they expected there to meet again their departed friends, and to enjoy their companionship forever. This was the dawning twilight of the glorious doctrine of the soul's immortality, now so clearly defined and so fully demonstrated.

2. An offshoot, as it were, of this early conception of the state of the departed spirits has traveled down and been manifested in some instances in our own time. We refer to the idea that the spirits of the dead linger about the places where their bodies were buried. Among many of the ancients the burial of the body was regarded as essential to the

repose of the soul. Thus Homer represents the ghost of Patroclus as upbraiding Achilles, because he had not secured to him the appropriate rites of burial:

"Let my pale corse the rites of burial know,  
And give me entrance in the realms below;  
Till then the spirit finds no resting-place,  
But here and there th' unbodied spirits chase  
The vagrant dead around the dark abode,  
Forbidden to cross th' irremediable flood."

But this idea was not confined to those who had failed of a proper burial. Plato says that "they who only minded the body, and its appetites and pleasures, having something in them ponderous and earthy, shall, after their departure out of this life, be drawn down to earth, and hover about the sepulchers." Dr. Knapp says "that many of the ancients believed that the departed souls remain in or about the graves or dwellings of the dead, either forever or for a long time." He also says that the opinion widely prevailed that departed spirits sometimes return from the kingdom of the dead, and linger around the dead body or the place of burial. These ideas also prevailed, to some extent, among the Jews and early Christians; and thus it was forbidden, in the year 312, to kindle a light in the places of burial, lest the spirits of the saints should be disturbed.

A similar feeling still exists among the less intelligent people even in Christian countries. Hence the half-defined, the half-believed idea of the ghost of the murdered man or of the suicide haunting the place where the crime was perpetrated. Hence also that feeling when we approach the place where the bodies of our departed friends slumber, as though they themselves were there. "Hence it is common for persons, of all grades of cultivation, to seek beneath the willow where they lie a kind of lonely fellowship with their beloved dead. There is a sweet hope, at least, that there they are nearer to them than in all the world beside; and he is regarded as a cold and heartless intruder who would argue away from them the cherished dream. 'She goeth to the grave to weep there.' Sweet mourner! Though we would not rudely drive her away from the spot which has embalmed all she held dear on

earth, or forbid her to water the earth with her tears, which she expects will some day yield her back her own again, yet we would whisper softly and tenderly, 'He is not here. Why seek ye the living among the dead?'

It is not necessary to meet this error, any more than that which preceded it, by argument. But while we cherish the spot where the dear departed lie as something sacred and holy in the heart's affections, and though we often go there to commune in our thoughts and feelings with them, yet it is well to dislodge from our minds so gloomy a thought as that their spirits are evermore hovering around the sad, mournful spot. Ah, who could cherish such an idea without a sensible augmentation of sorrow and of deep concern? "The place is so cold and lonely. The night winds sigh so dolefully there. How dreadful, in the dead of night, is that dreary and dreamless silence! The snow lies so cold upon the grave; and fiercer than even the cutting anguish of your bereaved heart are the wintery storms that rave, and drift, and whirl around the monumental marble. Can any one, then, wish the sainted dead to be there? No, no. We would not wish them to be there. They are *not* there; it is only inanimate mortality. It feels not its loneliness, and is not chilled by the coldness of the place. Banish, then, the thought from your mind; for they are not there. In happier society than that in the city of the dead they live; to sweeter sounds they listen; to the music of angelic choirs they bend an enraptured ear. In genial and stormless climes they have found a home.

'Far from this world of toil and strife,  
They're present with the Lord.'"

3. Another error, kindred to each of the former, is that which represents the soul, when it leaves the body at death, as entering into some other body prepared for it. The kind of body into which it then enters is determined by the character of the individual during life. Thus the evil life of the individual was to throw him backward in his gradation to supreme and eternal felicity, or his virtue and piety was to secure for him an advance toward this final consummation of his being. This doctrine was prevalent in the theology of the ancient Egyptians, in the philosophy of Pythagoras and of Plato, and has found advocates in nearly every age. The Egyptians believed that the soul was compelled to pass successively through the bodies of all animals, whether beasts, or birds, or fishes; and when it had completed its circuit, which required three thousand years, it again entered a human body. Pythagoras proposed, by his philosophy, the accomplishment of three things; namely, to lessen the number of transmigrations in order to attain the supreme felicity; to make those passed through favorable in their nature and of short duration; and, finally, to secure for those who should obey all his precepts an entire exemption from any transmigration, and the privilege of going forth

at once into ether, and becoming incorruptible and immortal.

In the darkness of heathenism this doctrine may have sprung up from the analogies of nature—the decaying of the seed, which results only in changing the form of organized matter and not in the destruction of its life; and the chrysalis, which dies only to resume a new and more glorious life. Connect these facts with the deep and all-pervading feeling that "man has wandered far away from his God, and, in order to approach him again, he must travel with great labor through a long and dreary way;" and also the conviction that "nothing which is imperfect or stained with sin can enter into the pure world of blessed spirits, or be forever united with God," and you have the rational origin of this doctrine of the transmigration of the souls, as well as of purgatory, its kindred error. It is, then, the rational conclusion of philosophy, groping in the darkness to which the intellect of man is subject when unilluminated by the revelation of God. It is man's method of purification, while yet ignorant of the glorious truth that "the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

How dark and gloomy this speculation! how glorious the truth that beams upon us from the revelation of God! *That* presents a faint hope, an uncertain chance of attaining final felicity through many and long gradations of uncertain issue. *This* assures us that the pious dead are present with the Lord.

4. As science advanced and knowledge increased the old theory of an underworld region, where the dead were gathered, gave place to the more distinct theory of an *intermediate abode*. The poet thus describes this separate, intermediate abode:

"O see! an awful world is this  
Where spirits are detained. 'Tis half a heaven  
And half a hell! What horrid mixture here!  
I see before me, and along the edge  
Of rayless night, on either side, the shades  
Of spirits move; as yet unjudged, undoomed,  
Or unrewarded. Some do seem to hope;  
Some sit in gloom; some walk in dark suspense;  
Some agonize to change their state. O, say,  
Is all this real, or but a monstrous dream?"

Having received the first indication of this doctrine from heathen philosophy, it was subsequently evolved in Christian light. It first became a part of Christian philosophy, and then a part of Christian faith. The Council of Florence, in 1439, established it as a doctrine of the Papal Church, and it was afterward reaffirmed by the Council of Trent. It is also recognized in the forms of the Episcopal Church. In the Papal Church this intermediate abode is connected with the idea of purgatory and the extension of man's probation to this middle abode. This privilege, however, does not extend to those who have not believed and been baptized into the Church; for all such, they believe, go immediately and without hope to hell. In the Episcopal Church this intermediate abode is regarded as a place where the spirit is detained till the

resurrection of the body and its final glorification; and for these events they believe it to be undergoing a preparatory training while in its separate abode.

The special and insurmountable objections to this theory of an intermediate abode will more distinctly appear in our subsequent discussions; but we can not fail here to remark, that, so far as it is connected with the idea of probation subsequent to this life, it is palpably opposed to the clearest teachings of divine revelation.

5. Another error relating to the intermediate state, and one that is more revolting to all the instincts of our nature than any of those we have considered, is that the soul dies with the body. It is strange that such a doctrine should ever have found place with those who believe in the resurrection and in everlasting life after death. Yet such is actually the case. This theory is thus stated by some of its modern advocates: "The whole man, whatever are his component parts, suffers privation in life, in what we call death." And, again, "The period which elapses between the time of death and the resurrection is spent in unconsciousness and inactivity; the soul is either extinct or in a profound and dreamless sleep, forgetful of all that is past, ignorant of all that is around it, and regardless of all that is to come." The philosophical basis of this doctrine is the assumption that the soul is only the result of the physical organization, and, therefore, can have no separate existence. But all reason and all philosophy demonstrate the falseness of this assumption. The premises being taken away, the conclusion is of no force. The Scriptural argument is absurd and unsustained. The assumption that the Bible teaches such a doctrine is a monstrous fraud upon all revelation. Quickened and revived as this doctrine has been repeatedly amid the delusions and heresies of the present day, it has so little to give it countenance, either in reason or revelation, and is in itself so repugnant to all the instincts of the soul, that no degree of fanaticism can give to it more than a brief and sickly existence. A sufficient refutation of this assumption will be found in the Scripture doctrines we shall develop in the subsequent discussion of this subject. But we may inquire here, how can this state of unconscious sleep or of absolute extinction be consistent with the living union of the believer in Christ? "Because I live, ye shall live also." This is the great pledge of our uninterrupted life. *He that believeth hath eternal life; he that liveth and believeth on Him shall never die; and he that hath the Son hath life.* Christ is the source of our life; and as the source can not become extinct, neither can the life that flows from it. Death has no power here. Instead of locking our faculties up in unconsciousness, and isolating us from our union with Christ, it can only break down some of the obstructions to that intercourse that have heretofore existed.

"It gives us more than was in Eden lost."

THE INTERMEDIATE STATE OF THE DEAD IS A STATE OF CONSCIOUS EXISTENCE.

How profound our interest in this question! Many of our dear friends have gone away into this region and shadow of death; our hearts follow after them, and we would fain know where and how they are. We ourselves are trembling, as it were, upon the borders of that dark and dreamy land, and our very instinctive solicitude impels us to the inquiry what our condition will be when we enter there. Never for once has the curtain that hides that invisible land from our sight been thrown aside that we might behold it; no one of its innumerable inhabitants has ever returned to these mortal shores to bring intelligence of our departed friends; no voice nor sound is heard; no sign—signaling of that dreamy land, and telegraphed across the invisible space that separates us from it—is seen. Philosophy fails us; it has found itself able to solve but few of the subtle mysteries of the soul even in its present state. No wonder, then, that it is still less able to solve the mysteries of its separate state. Here it is blended with an organic, material body, and manifests its being, power, and condition in a thousand ways; and yet it must be confessed that, as to the modes of its existence—its peculiar relation to the body, its dependence upon it or control over it—we know comparatively little. How, then, can we expect to unravel all the mysteries of its separate state? Yet we are not left in any necessary darkness in relation to the great facts of that mysterious state. And perhaps the most important of all those facts—as it is fundamental to all the rest—is that which we have just announced; namely, *that the intermediate state of the dead is a state of conscious existence.*

"I will hear what God the Lord will speak." And does not God reveal to us this great fact—a fact that constitutes a broad platform upon which rest our most glorious hopes in relation to our intermediate state? If such be not the case, why did St. Paul "desire to depart" that he might "be with Christ?" If the soul sleeps with the body till the resurrection of the dead, he would be no nearer to the accomplishment of his wish in dying than he was while he lived. Indeed, if the doctrine that the intermediate state is one of annihilation or of unconscious existence be true, St. Paul is no nearer heaven than he would be had he lived to the present hour. Neither is he so near the attainment of his desire now as he was during his life; for while he lived he enjoyed communion with Christ; but, being dead, even the communion he did enjoy is cut off, if the spirit sleeps with the body in unconscious repose. All intercourse with the Deity, with heaven, with the saints of God on earth, and even with the glorious truths of the Gospel, is utterly broken off, and in one long, oblivious sleep have that intellect so vigorous, those affections so pure and so ardent, and those aspirations so glorious and sustaining, been pent for nearly eighteen centuries; and altogether unconscious of the history of the

Church and of the fate of the Gospel, of the glory of Christ or the bliss of heaven, will he still continue to slumber on till the trump of God shall arouse the unconscious dead at the resurrection morning. Call you this "being with Christ?" Alas, then, what is it to be separated from him? If, between death and the resurrection, "the soul is either extinct, or in a profound and dreamless sleep, forgetful of all that is past, ignorant of all that is around it, and regardless of all that is to come," how fearfully mistaken was the great apostle when he desired to "depart" in order that he might "be with Christ!" Better, indeed, were it to return to life, for here we may see, even though it be only as through a glass darkly; but there we see not at all! It is, truly, a land of darkness as darkness itself!

To the penitent thief upon the cross our Savior said, "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." On that very day both our Savior and the penitent thief expired. Did he mean that the penitent thief would with him that day cease from all conscious existence? What mockery to make such a promise as an antidote to the agonies of the dying man!

Upon the mount of transfiguration Moses and Elias, though the one had been dead nearly fifteen hundred years and the other had been translated over a thousand years before, not only appeared in the form of living men, though with bodies glorious—emblematic of the glorious resurrection state—but they also conversed; thus demonstrating that they were not only alive, but conscious. And if Moses has a conscious existence in the intermediate state, why may not all others?

While reasoning with the Sadducees, one of whose doctrines was that there is no spirit, no conscious existence independent of the body, our Savior says, "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living." And yet God said to Moses, "I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob," two hundred years after the dust of the last had been consigned to the cave purchased by Abraham in the field of Machpelah. Hence, it must follow, if there be any verity in God, that Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, though dead, still had a conscious life. The same conclusion will be reached with an equally invincible force, when we remember our Savior himself declared, "Abraham rejoiced to see my day; and he saw it, and was glad."

The parable of the rich man and Lazarus is also perfectly in point. Luke xvi, 22, etc. The beggar died, and was carried by angels to Abraham's bosom. The rich man also died; but death was to him no dreamless, unconscious sleep; for in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torment. From the deep gulf of his misery he beheld Abraham in his blissful abode, and Lazarus in his bosom. From him he besought relief. "But Abraham said, Son, remember that thou in thy *lifetime* receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus his evil things; but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented." The objection that this is a parable will not avail to break the force of the great moral truths it

teaches. It is either history or a parable: if history, then it is a record of events that have actually taken place; if a parable, then it is a representation of events that may occur. Now, Abraham is here placed before us again as in conscious being—capable of observing, and of receiving and making communications. Here also is the poor beggar, delivered from his life-long sorrow and suffering—not by a suspension of conscious being, but by sweet repose in Abraham's bosom. The rich man, too, is here, and, though his "lifetime" was past, is still conscious of his awful estate; he remembers the good things of his former life, and would fain have his five brothers warned lest they also become his companions in his awful place of torment.

When St. John, upon the Isle of Patmos, had heard the wonderful revelations made to him, filled with wonder and astonishment, he fell down to worship the messenger of God; but that messenger said, "See thou do it not; for I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren the prophets, and of them which keep the sayings of this book," Rev. xxii, 9. Do we not here obtain a glimpse of not only the conscious being, but the avocations also of those who have died in the faith?

Again, St. John says, "I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and they cried with a loud voice, saying, How long, O Lord, holy and true! . . . And white robes were given unto every one of them, and it was said unto them that they should rest yet for a little season," Rev. vi, 9, 10. These souls not only possessed a conscious existence after they had been "slain" for the cause of Christ, but they were also conscious of the wrong they had suffered, and were looking forward to the period of their vindication with anxious desire. Nor was this all; "they cried with a loud voice," and were afterward robed in white, and told to rest yet a little season. Here, then, they have a conscious existence, power to express their desires, and capability of being comforted by gracious assurances. Though persecution had done its work, and the bodies of the martyrs had been consumed by the fagot, or devoured by wild beasts, or wasted in deep and dark dungeons or dens and caverns of the earth, yet, after it had destroyed the body, there was a conscious life remaining over which it had no power.

Take another case—that of St. Paul when he was "caught up into the third heaven," and enjoyed the rapturous vision of the blessed abode and of God. So wrapt was he in the glory of the vision, that "whether in the body or out of the body" he could not tell. Now, whatever this vision may have been, or not have been; sink it, if you please, into the least possible significance; yet it unquestionably develops one thing; and that is, that the apostle believed that the soul may have a conscious existence out of the body—an existence in which it may perceive and enjoy—nay, an existence in which it may be filled with the most ecstatic felicity. Else how could he have been in doubt



whether his soul was really in the body or not when it enjoyed the glorious vision of God and heaven? Those, then, who assume to know that the soul can have no conscious existence out of the body, assume to know more than was known by the great apostle. This passage is all the more important, because it was not with direct reference to this subject that the apostle wrote, and it, therefore, becomes one of those incidental and undesigned passages that corroborate the great and cardinal doctrines of the Gospel.

One more passage upon this point must suffice, though it would be difficult to exhaust the many Scripture proofs that bear upon it. St. Paul says that Christ Jesus "died for us, that, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with him," 1 Thess. v, 10. How emphatic! Whether we wake or sleep, live or die, whether we are in this world or the other, we shall live together with him, shall enjoy his life and the consolation of his Spirit here, and, in the eternal world, shall be glorified together with him! These words show that everywhere, and in all circumstances, genuine believers, who walk with God, *have life*—and not only life, but also communion with Him who is the source of all life. Indeed, they clearly express that, so far as the great ends of spiritual life and communion are concerned, the living have no advantage over the dead.

What, then, do all these things teach us? Evidently, not only the great doctrine of the soul's immortality, but also that its intermediate state during the time that intervenes between death and the resurrection is one of conscious being—one of thought, of feeling, and of action. To have attained this position only, to have established only this single truth, brings to us a most glorious deliverance from that cold and cheerless hypothesis, which would crush our hearts as we looked down into the grave as a place where all conscious being became extinct, and the soul, as the body, enters upon either utter extinction or upon a long and dreamless sleep, to be broken only at the resurrection.

"The star that sets

Beyond the western waves is not extinct;  
It brightens in another hemisphere,  
And gilds another evening with its rays.  
O glorious hope of immortality!  
At thought of thee the coffin and the tomb  
Affright no more, and e'en the monster Death  
Loses his fearful form, and seems a friend.  
At thought of thee my eager, glowing heart  
Lets go its hold on sublunary bias,  
And longs to drop this cumbrous clog of earth,  
And soar to bliss unfading and secure."

IN THE INTERMEDIATE STATE THE RIGHTEOUS DEAD  
ARE WITH CHRIST.

The Scripture authentication of an intermediate state of conscious being is too full and too explicit to leave any room for apprehension on the part of the serious and inquiring mind, or for cavil on the part of the skeptic.

With some, however, not only an intermediate state, but an intermediate place is maintained. It is contended that while *Gehenna* is used in the Bible to denote the place of final misery, *Sheol* in the Old Testament, and *Hades* in the New, is used to express the place of departed spirits. With such *Hades* is regarded as a general term, embracing both *Elysium*, or *Paradise*, and *Tartarus*—the separate abodes of the good and the bad. But whence the necessity of supposing them to indicate a place distinct from either heaven or hell? The etymology of *Sheol* and *Hades* clearly indicates that they are designed to denote general and indefinite ideas. *Sheol* signifies "the place and state of those who are out of sight, out of the way, and to be sought for." *Hades* is compounded of two Greek words, which together signify "an indistinct, dark, and invisible region;" and among the Greeks it was used as comprehending the dead without any reference to their moral character here or to their state there. Thus it is evident that these two words are used not to designate a third place, as distinct from heaven or hell, but rather as general terms, comprehending the state, condition, or place of the dead, whatever or wherever they might be. Just so do we say of the dead, that they have gone to the invisible world, the world to come, the world of spirits, or to eternity. We indicate nothing of their peculiar condition—whether happy or miserable; and least of all do we indicate that they are in any third place as being distinct from either hell or heaven. It is really astonishing, when we consider how widely this doctrine of a separate abode has spread, and how long it has prevailed in the Christian Church, that, after all, it is found to have so little authority from revelation.

It is unquestionably sustained by a feeling to which we have already adverted; namely, that man has wandered very far away from a just and holy God, and that to be restored to him he must travel a great way and suffer great penance and purgation. Take this sentiment, which is deeply wrought into our nature—take it in connection with a failure to apprehend that it is by the blood of Christ we are "brought nigh," and you have the true basis upon which this pernicious error rests. This sentiment is thus developed by an Episcopal clergyman, in the form of an argument: "The great majority of those who die in the Lord are very far from being eminent saints. They leave the world pardoned and free from sin, indeed, but very imperfect, ignorant, feeble, and unfit for the ineffable blaze of heavenly effulgence, and the society and employments of the ancient and glorious inhabitants of heaven. But Paradise is an *intermediate resting-place*, where the soul becomes unfolded, invigorated, and instructed for a superior state and world. The spirit, disenthralled and emancipated from its earthly prison and vehicle, passes into this place of abode, perfectly adapted to its disembodied state, and the design of that state. There, under genial and sanative influences, it repairs its

losses and injuries, recovers its balance and tone, becomes thoroughly developed, and fully prepared for another and still higher state of being." The question is well presented and forcibly reasoned; but, after all, it is only one of the superstitious dreams of the world's childhood, without Scriptural warrant or authority. Nay, further, it wars against the saving provisions of the Gospel as being sufficient to the accomplishment of their great end. It would deny the completeness of the healing virtue of a Savior's blood, and derogate from the work of the Holy Spirit as our sanctifier. What these could not do for the soul in its present state is to be accomplished by the bleachings of purgatory, or by the "sanative influences" of the intermediate abode. O, when will Christians learn to look to Christ, and to Christ alone, as the great and all-sufficient source of salvation! He is our life. In him we have wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. What more can we need in order to salvation—to fitness for heaven even—than that which Christ supplies?

"Where he displays his healing power,  
Death and the curse are known no more;  
In him the tribes of Adam boast  
More blessings than their fathers lost."

It is generally admitted that the full consummation of bliss is not realized till the resurrection. It is when the soul is clothed upon with its glorious resurrection body, it enters upon the full development of its powers and the full consummation of its bliss! But why is it necessary to suppose that prior to that event it must be put into a separate, independent place, some gradations in advance of earth toward heaven, but yet beneath heaven itself? Why may it not be transplanted at once—not as a fully developed, but as an embryo being, to expand and mature till its final investiture with an incorruptible body shall gloriously install it among the thrones of heaven?

Such, indeed, seems to be the clear light of revelation upon the subject. The righteous dead are represented as *being with Christ*. Such seems to have been the views of the first martyr when he cried, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." Such also seemed to be the view of St. Paul, when he expressed "a desire to depart and be [not in the place of separate spirits, somewhere this side of heaven, but] WITH CHRIST, which is far better," Phil. i, 23. And, again, when not only speaking for himself, but for the great body of believers, he says, "Therefore, we are always confident, knowing that, whilst we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord; we are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord," 2 Cor. v, 6. The apostle here expresses the strongest conviction that believers, from the moment of death, instead of being in a separate place, are "with the Lord." But where is the Lord—where is Christ? Most certainly he has not only ascended on high, but he has entered into heaven itself. "For Christ is not

entered into the holy place made with hands, which are but the figures of the true; but INTO HEAVEN ITSELF, now to appear in the presence of God for us," Heb. ix, 24. And, again, "Of the things which we have spoken, this is the sum; we have such an high-priest, who is set on the right hand of the throne of the Majesty in the heavens," Heb. viii, 1. From these facts it is clearly evident, that death ushers the believer into the immediate and glorious presence of Christ.

"One gentle sigh their fetter breaks;  
We scarce can say, 'They're gone!'  
Before the willing spirit takes  
Her mansion near the throne."

How consoling such a truth! To know that we shall be with Christ sweetens the bitterness of the dying agony. Death removes us from our kindred here; but it brings us into the presence of that Friend who is dearer than any brother. What enlargement and beatification of the soul's power shall be realized even at the hour of death! and how glorious shall be that transition—even though made through pain and agony—which brings us into the presence of Christ! Feeble nature may drop her tears of sorrow over the departed good;

"But reason and religion, better taught,  
Congratulate the dead, and crown his tomb  
With wreath triumphant."

#### PERVERSIONS OF MIND.

To one who reflects on the nature and capacity of the human mind, there is something inconceivably awful in its perversions. Look at it as it comes, fresh and plastic, *from its Maker*; look at it as it returns, stained and hardened, *to its Maker*. Conceive of a mind, a living soul, with the germs of faculties which infinity can not exhaust, as it first beams upon you in its glad morning of existence; quivering with life and joy; exulting in the bounding sense of its developing energies; beautiful, and brave, and generous, and joyous, and free—the clear, pure spirit bathed in the auroral light of its unconscious immortality; and then follow it, in its dark passage through life, as it stifles and kills, one by one, every inspiration and aspiration of its being, till it becomes but a dead soul entombed in a living frame. It may be that a selfish frivolity has sunk it into contented worldliness, or given it the vapid air of complacent imbecility. It may be that it is marred and disfigured by the hoof-prints of appetite, its humanity extinguished in the mad tyranny of animal ferocities. It may be that pride has stamped the scowl of hatred upon its front; that avarice and revenge, set on fire of hell, have blasted and blackened its unselfish affections. The warm sensibility, gushing spontaneously out in world-wide sympathies—the bright and strong intellect, eager for action and thirsting for truth—the rapturous devotion, mounting upward in a pillar of flame to God—all gone, and

only remembered as childish enthusiasm, to point the sneer of the shrewd, and the scoff of the brutal! Where, in this hard mass of animated clay, wrinkled by cunning or brutalized by selfishness, are the power and joy prophesied in the aspirations of youth?

"Whither hath fled the visionary gleam?  
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?"

Will weakened, or will destroyed, ever goes downward. It delivers itself to sensuality, or to fanaticism—not to spirituality, not to Deity. A being placed like man among strong and captivating visible objects, becomes, the moment he loses self-direction, a slave, in the most terribly comprehensive meaning of that all-annihilating word.—*Whipple's Lectures.*

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### DESERTED EDEN.

—  
BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

A SOLEMN voice, at hush of day,  
In Eden's garden-shade,  
The Maker, walking 'mid his works,  
But none an answer made.

A rustling of celestial wings,  
A gleam of radiant vest,  
And hovering forms of light, that deign'd  
To be a mortal's guest.

Rich gifts they bare—such dews of love  
As heal the spirit-wound,  
And seeds of pure, ethereal dreams,  
To sprinkle all around,

The fragrant fruits that near the throne  
In blest luxuriance wave;  
Yet tears upon those treasures fell,  
For none a welcome gave.

No prayer arose. The mournful birds  
Withheld their wonted lays;  
For no sweet tone responsive sung,  
Nor carol'd hymn of praise.

The cool, clear lake, where Eve at first  
Her mirror'd brow survey'd,  
Reflected but the threatening cloud,  
And trembled at its shade.

The vines unclasped, the reptile's fang  
Pierc'd deep the tender flower,  
And poisonous weeds exulting sprang  
Where rose the nuptial bower.

The lion that, with gentle heart,  
Erst roam'd the verdant path,  
Now glar'd upon the startled lamb  
With eyes of savage wrath;

The crested serpent wound his way  
In glittering green and gold,  
The fearful curse not fully felt  
That o'er his head had roll'd.

A thunder-sound! The warring winds  
A deafening clamor kept,  
And the first storm o'er Eden's breast  
In awful vengeance swept.

Then low the shuddering, stricken plants  
Bow'd down with sudden dread,  
And felt that Eden's soul of peace  
With innocence had fled.

O'er crashing trees and tossing floods  
Rushed on the o'erwhelming blast;  
No bow of mercy on the skies  
Announc'd God's wrath was past.

But from the cloud, a sheeted flame,  
The lightning's burning ire,  
In strange and dire suspension hung,  
A sword of living fire;

And fixing at the fated gate,  
In flashing, vengeful guise,  
Forever barr'd the foot of sin  
From forfeit Paradise.

Man was not there to mark the woes  
His rebel hand had wrought,  
The smitten earth, the angel's tear,  
And Heaven with anger fraught;

For forth the exile'd pair had gone  
To bear their doom of woe,  
And earn their bread with toil and pain  
Where thorns and thistles grow.

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### OUR LITTLE THREE.

—  
BY REV. GEORGE LOVSESS.

ONE with curly, auburn tresses  
Of a glossy hue;  
Eyes that kindle with expression  
Like a drop of dew,  
When a cloudless sun is rising  
Over tower and tree.  
She is eldest, loving creature,  
Of our little three.

Next a sturdy little fellow,  
Boasting of his size:  
See him there, upon his tiptoe,  
Laughing from his eyes!  
Roguish, rosy, loving cherub,  
Full of noise and glee.  
He is second in the number  
Of our little three.

Then a tiny, pretty creature,  
Meek as early May,  
Tripping round its smiling mother,  
Like a lamb at play.  
One she misses from among them;  
Then she speaks of me.  
She is least among the blossoms  
Of our little three.

## A SKETCH—MARGARET DAVIDSON.

BY REV. D. W. ALLEN.

In a previous number of the Repository,\* we gave a brief sketch of that truly wonderful young lady, Lucretia Maria Davidson. It will be recollected that we spoke of Margaret, an infant sister of Lucretia—a sister to whom she became strongly attached. It is to Margaret we wish now to invite attention. Perhaps we can not better introduce our subject than by using the language of Irving, her biographer. "The farther," he says, "we have proceeded with our subject, the more has the intellectual beauty and the seraphic purity of the little being we have endeavored to commemorate broken upon us. To use one of her own exquisite expressions, she was 'a spirit of heaven fettered by the strong affections of earth,' and the whole of her brief sojourn here seems to have been a struggle to regain her native skies."

Margaret Davidson was born in 1822, being two years and a half old when her sister Lucretia died. Though very young, the death of her sister made a deep impression on her mind. She often referred to the event, and seemed fully to have realized the fact that her sister was in heaven. As she entered the room on one occasion with her peculiarly elastic step, where Mrs. Davidson was conversing with a friend, the following conversation occurred:

"That child never walks," said the lady with whom Mrs. Davidson was conversing; "Margaret, where are you flying now?"

"To heaven!" replied Margaret, "to meet my sister Lucretia, when I get my new wings."

"Your new wings! when will you get them?"

"O soon, very soon; and then I shall fly!"

Nothing interested her more than to hear about her sister; and any little incident related respecting her awakened an unusual interest in her mind. Says her mother, "She loved to sit, hour after hour, on a cushion at my feet, her little arms resting upon my lap, and her full, dark eyes fixed upon mine, listening to anecdotes of her sister's life, and details of the events which preceded her death, often exclaiming, while her face beamed with emotion, 'O, mamma, I will try to fill her place! Teach me to be like her!'"

She learned to read when four years old. Being very frail, and her mind unusually active, her parents rather repressed than encouraged her intellectual activity. At six she could read with elegance, an exercise of which she was particularly fond. She showed great enthusiasm in reading poetic works—such as those of Byron, Scott, Milton, Cowper, Campbell, Thomson, etc.—and would often make very just and discriminating remarks respecting their defects and excellences.

Her religious impressions were early evinced, and were exceedingly strong. They "seemed," says her

mother, "to be interwoven with her existence. From the very first exercise of reason, she evinced strong devotional feeling; and, although she loved play, she would at any time prefer seating herself beside me, and, with every faculty absorbed in the subject, listen while I attempted to recount the wonders of Providence, and point out the wisdom and benevolence of God, as manifested in the works of creation." The Bible was the book in which she delighted most of all. This she studied daily with interest and delight, often asking questions, and commenting on what she had read.

Her poetic talent was very early exhibited. She was born a poet—the poetic fire always burned in her soul. A circumstance occurred when she was six years of age which illustrated some of those excellent traits of character for which she was afterward distinguished. As it stands connected with some of her first attempts at verse-making, it should be noticed. Some act of disobedience had been alleged against her, for which she had been reproved by her mother. At first she attempted to justify herself in the course she had pursued; but on being reasoned with, and urged to pray to God for light, she discovered her error, and became truly penitent. Like Charles Wesley, she inclined to express her feelings in verse; and in a few hours she entered the room, and, throwing her arms around her mother's neck, presented her with the following lines:

"Forgiven by my Savior dear  
For all the wrongs I've done,  
What other wish could I have here?  
Alas! there yet is one.

I know my God has pardoned me;  
I know he loves me still;  
I wish I may forgiven be  
By her I've used so ill.

Good resolutions I have made,  
And thought I loved the Lord;  
But, ah! I trusted in myself,  
And broke my foolish word.

But give me strength, O Lord, to trust  
For help alone in thee;  
Thou know'st my inmost feelings best;  
O, teach me to obey!"

The common sports of children had no charms for her. She would sometimes play with her doll and kitten, but she would almost invariably attach to them some historical or dramatic character. These plays were exceedingly amusing and interesting. Mary, Queen of Scots, Elizabeth, and other distinguished persons were sometimes presented, but she never failed to sustain well the character introduced. She delighted in no amusements but such as were intellectual.

When seven years old her health was exceedingly delicate, and it was feared that her earthly existence would soon close; but a visit to Saratoga Springs, New York, and Canada proved highly beneficial, and she gave indications of a better state of health. While in the latter place her mother—an invalid—became quite helpless, and

\*See the Repository for January, 1854.



Margaret's time for eighteen months was principally occupied in attentions to her. How she administered to her afflicted parent on this occasion may be seen by the following note from her mother: "Her tender solicitude endeared her to me beyond any other earthly thing. Although under the roof of a beloved and affectionate daughter, and having with me an experienced and judicious nurse, yet the soft and gentle voice of my little darling was more than medicine to my worn-out frame. If her delicate hand smoothed my pillow, it was soft to my aching temples, and her sweet smile would cheer me in the lowest depths of despondency. She would draw for me, read to me, and often, when writing at her little table, would surprise me by some tribute of love, which never failed to operate as a cordial to my heart. At a time when my life was despaired of, she wrote the following verses while sitting at my bed:

"I'll to thy arms in rapture fly,  
And wipe the tear that dims thine eye;  
Thy pleasure will be my delight,  
Till thy pure spirit takes its flight.

When left alone, when thou art gone,  
Yet still I will not feel alone;  
Thy spirit still will hover near,  
And guard thy orphan daughter here."

In 1833 she was brought very low by scarlet fever. After a few weeks she had so far recovered as to be able to accompany her mother on a visit to New York. Here her health improved, and she was remarkably lively and cheerful. New objects of interest now attracted her attention, and every thing was done by her friends to make her visit among them pleasant. During her stay here she wrote a dramatic piece, which excited considerable interest, and which her biographer says "is a curious specimen of the prompt talent of this most ingenious child, and by no means more incongruous in its incidents than many current dramas by veteran and experienced playwrights." She was greatly delighted with what she saw in the city, and the society of her friends and relatives was peculiarly agreeable to her; yet she sighed for her native village. No spot on earth had such attractions as her loved home. She gave full expression to her feelings in the following lines:

"I would fly from the city, would fly from its care,  
To my own native plants and my flowerets so fair;  
To the cool, grassy shade and the rivulet bright,  
Which reflects the pale moon on its bosom of light.  
Again would I view the old mansion so dear,  
Where I sported a babe, without sorrow or fear;  
I would leave this great city, so brilliant and gay,  
For a peep at my home on this fine summer day.  
I have friends whom I love, and would leave with regret,  
But the love of my home, O, 'tis tenderer yet!  
There a sister reposes unconscious in death;  
'Twas there she first drew, and there yielded, her breath;  
A father I love is away from me now—  
O, could I but print a sweet kiss on his brow,  
Or smooth the gray locks, to my fond heart so dear,  
How quickly would vanish each trace of a tear!  
Attentive I listen to pleasure's gay call,  
But my own darling home is dearer than all."

The winds of Lake Champlain are very severe in winter, and it was feared that they would be more than Margaret or her mother could endure. After considering the matter well, it was thought best to take up their residence for a season at Ballston. Though Margaret acquiesced in the decision, and, no doubt, believed it was for the best, yet she was disappointed, and gave expression to her feelings in a piece, entitled,

"MY NATIVE LAKE.

"Thy verdant banks, thy lucid stream,  
Lit by the sun's resplendent beam,  
Reflect each bending tree so light,  
Upon thy bounding bosom bright!  
Could I but see thee once again,  
My own, my beautiful Champlain!

The little isles that deck thy breast,  
And calmly on thy bosom rest,  
How often, in my childish glee,  
I've sported round them, bright and free!  
Could I but see thee once again,  
My own, my beautiful Champlain!

How oft I've watched the refreshing shower  
Bending the summer tree and flower,  
And felt my little heart beat high  
As the bright rainbow graced the sky!  
Could I but see thee once again,  
My own, my beautiful Champlain!

And shall I never see thee more,  
My native lake, my much-loved shore?  
And must I bid a long adieu,  
My dear, my infant home, to you?  
Shall I not see thee once again,  
My own, my beautiful Champlain?"

In 1834 the family were greatly afflicted by the death of the eldest daughter, residing in Canada. It was a heavy shock. The mother was quite overcome with grief, and it was feared she would not long survive the departed daughter. Margaret, though deeply afflicted, sought to console her mother, and in this she was, to some extent, successful. She wrote an address to her of considerable length, full of sympathy and touching sentiment. She says—we only quote a few lines—

"But O, my mother, weep not thus for her,  
The rose, just blown, transported to its home,  
Nor weep that her angelic soul has found  
A resting-place with God."

Margaret's health continued to decline, though at intervals she seemed to improve, and her friends were unwilling to relinquish all hopes of her recovery. When a little improved her mind was cheerful and active. "In conversation," says her mother, "her sallies of wit were dazzling; she composed incessantly, or, rather, would have done so, had I not interposed my authority to prevent this unceasing tax upon her both mental and physical strength. She seemed to exist only in the regions of poetry."

The family removed, in the autumn of 1835, to a beautiful spot on Long Island Sound, near the city of New York. The location was picturesque and charming. Every thing was new to Margaret, but she was greatly delighted with the scenery. The

old-fashioned mansion in which they resided was an object of peculiar interest to her, and wrought powerfully on her imagination. "Ruremont," as it was called, is thus described: "The curious structure of this old fashioned house, its picturesque appearance, the various and beautiful grounds around it, called up a thousand poetic images and romantic ideas. A long gallery, a winding staircase, a dark, narrow passage, a trap-door, large apartments with massive doors and heavy iron bolts and bars—all set her mind teeming with recollections of what she had read and imagined of old castles, etc."

She now devoted more time to her studies, especially to French and music. But these were soon interrupted by another severe family affliction. One of her little brothers—an interesting lad of nine—sickened and died. This, as may be supposed, took a strong hold of her sensitive mind. The scene is thus described by the mother's pen:

"This was Margaret's first acquaintance with death. She saw her sweet little playfellow reclining upon my bosom during his last agonies; she witnessed the bright glow which flashed upon his long-faded cheek; she beheld the unearthly light of his beautiful eye, as he pressed his dying lips to mine, and exclaimed, 'Mother, dear mother, the last hour is come!' It was, indeed, an hour of anguish. Its effect upon her youthful mind was as lasting as her life. The sudden change from light and animation to the still unconsciousness of death for a time almost paralyzed her. The first thing that aroused her to a sense of what was going on about her was the thought of my bereavement, and a conviction that it was her province to console me. My own weak frame was unable longer to sustain the effects of long watching and deep grief. I had not only lost my lovely boy, but I felt a strong conviction that I must soon resign my Margaret. Although she still persisted in the belief that she was well, the irritating cough, the hectic flush, the hurried beating of the heart, and the drenching night perspirations, confirmed me in this belief, and I sank under this accumulated weight of affliction. For three weeks I hovered on the borders of the grave, and when I arose from this bed of pain it was to witness a rupture of a blood-vessel in her lungs, caused by exertions to suppress a cough. I was compelled to conceal every appearance of alarm, lest agitation of her mind should produce fatal consequences. As I seated myself by her, she raised her speaking eyes to mine with a mournful, inquiring gaze, and, as she read the anguish which I could not conceal, she turned away with a look of despair."

Margaret, by the advice of others, had given up her studies, and spent most of her time in light reading and other amusements. The six months thus spent were unhappy months, and cost her some severe struggles. She longed for her books and pen. "I *must* write," she exclaimed. "I can hold out no longer! I will return to my pen, my

pencil, and my books, and shall again be happy." She gave vent to her feelings at this time in verses which clearly indicate her extraordinary poetical talent. The piece commences with the following—it is all we have space to quote—

"Earth, thou hast naught to satisfy  
The cravings of immortal mind;  
Earth, thou hast nothing pure and high,  
The soaring, struggling soul to bind.  
Impatient of its long delay,  
The pinioned spirit fain would roam,  
And leave this crumbling house of clay,  
To seek above its own bright home."

She began now to think, with her friends, that her time on earth was short. Her accustomed cheerfulness began, in a measure, to decline, and her mind became intensely interested in the prospects of the future. Her past life became a subject of interest, and she mourned over the hours she had spent in light reading and trifling amusements. "Should God spare my life," she exclaimed, "my time and talents shall, for the future, be devoted to a higher and holier end. How sadly have I trifled with the gifts of Heaven! What have I done which can benefit one human being?"

She continued rapidly to decline, and it was evident to her friends that her end was near. Her closing scene has been beautifully described by her mother. Mrs. Davidson, being weary and well nigh exhausted, had thrown herself on a bed in an adjoining room, but was soon called to witness the flight of her beloved Margaret to the better land. "Between three and four o'clock the friend who watched came again, and said, 'Margaret has asked for her mother.' I flew. She held a bottle of ether in her hand, and pointed to her breast. I poured it on her head and chest. She revived. 'I am better now,' said she. 'Mother, you tremble; you are cold; put on your clothes.' I stepped to the fire, and put on a wrapper, when she stretched out both her arms, and exclaimed, 'Mother, take me in your arms!' I raised her, and, seating myself on the bed, passed both my arms around her waist; her head dropped on my bosom, and her expressive eyes were raised to mine. That look I shall never forget; it said, 'Tell me, mother, is this death?' I answered the appeal as if she had spoken. I laid my hand upon her white brow; a cold dew had gathered there. I spoke: 'Yes, my beloved, it is almost finished; you will soon be with Jesus.' She gave one more look, two or three short, fluttering breaths, and all was over; her spirit was with its God: not a struggle or a groan preceded her departure."

Thus died Margaret Davidson—a youth of extraordinary intellect—at the age of fifteen years and eight months. She wrote much in verse, and would have written much more but for the restraint of her friends. The "poetic mantle of her sister, like a robe of light," seemed to have fallen upon her. Their spirits were one on earth, and ere this they have united in those sweet, transporting exercises

in the heavenly paradise; or, to use the language of Margaret:

"When, borne from earth for evermore,  
Our souls in sacred joy unite,  
At God's almighty throne adore,  
And bathe in beams of endless light."

#### STORIES OF THE HUGUENOTS.

THE Edict of Nantes was a proclamation issued by Henry the Fourth, of France, granting religious privileges to the Huguenots, which was revoked by Louis the Thirteenth, Henry's unworthy son, in the year 1683. Immediately on the revocation every Huguenot place of worship was to be destroyed; every minister who refused to conform was to be sent to the Hôpitaux des Forcats at Marseilles and at Valence. If he had been noted for his zeal he was to be considered "obstinate," and sent to slavery for life in such of the West Indian islands as belonged to the French. The children of Huguenot parents were to be taken from them by force, and educated by the Roman Catholic monks or nuns. These are but a few of the enactments contained in the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

A friend of mine, a descendant from some of the Huguenots who succeeded in emigrating to England, has told me the following particulars of her great-great-grandmother's escape. This lady's father was a Norman farmer, or, rather, small landed proprietor. His name was Lefebvre; he had two sons, grown men, stout and true; able to protect themselves and choose their own line of conduct. But he had also one little daughter, Magdalen, the child of his old age, and the darling of his house; keeping it alive and glad with her innocent prattle. His small estate was far away from any large town, with its cornfields and orchards surrounding the old ancestral house. There was plenty always in it; and though the wife was an invalid, there was always a sober cheerfulness present, to give a charm to the abundance.

Such were the self-sufficient habits of the Norman farmers, it was no wonder that in the eventful year of 1685 Levebvre remained ignorant for many days of that Revocation which was stirring the whole souls of his coreligionists. But there was to be a cattle fair at Avranches, and he needed a barren cow to fatten up and salt for the winter's provision. Accordingly, the large-boned Norman horse was accoutered, summer as it was, with all its paraphernalia of high-peaked wooden saddle, blue sheep skin, scarlet-worsted fringe and tassels; and the farmer Lefebvre, slightly stiff in his limbs, after sixty winters, got on from the horse-block by the stable wall, his little daughter Magdalen nodding and kissing her hand as he rode away. When he arrived at the fair, in the great place before the cathedral in Avranches, he was struck with the absence of many of those who were united to him

by the bond of their common persecuted religion; and on the faces of the Huguenot farmers who were there was an expression of gloom and sadness. In answer to his inquiries, he learned for the first time of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He and his son could sacrifice any thing—would be proud of martyrdom if need were—but the clause which cut him to the heart was that which threatened that his pretty, innocent, sweet Magdalen might be taken from him and consigned to the teachings of a convent.

Poor farmer Lefebvre thought no more of the cow he went to purchase; the life and death—nay, the salvation or damnation—of his darling, seemed to him to depend on the speed with which he could reach his home and take measures for her safety. What these were to be he could not tell in this moment of bewildered terror; for, even while he watched the stable-boy at the inn arranging his horse's gear without daring to help him—for fear his early departure and undue haste might excite suspicion in the malignant faces he saw gathering about him—even while he trembled with impatience, his daughter might be carried away out of his sight forever and ever. He mounted and spurred the old horse; but the road was hilly, and the steed had not had his accustomed rest; and was poorly fed, according to the habit of the country; and, at last, he almost stood still at the foot of every piece of rising ground. Farmer Lefebvre dismounted, and ran by the horse's side up every hill, pulling him along, and encouraging his flagging speed by every conceivable noise, meant to be cheerful, though the tears were fast running down the old man's cheeks. He was almost sick with the revulsion of his fears, when he saw Magdalen sitting out in the sun, playing with the "fromages" of the mallow-plant, which are such a delight to Norman children. He got off his horse, which found its accustomed way into the stable. He kissed Magdalen over and over again, the tears coming down his cheeks like rain. And then he went in to tell his wife—his poor invalid wife. She received the news more tranquilly than he had done. Long illness had deadened the joys and fears of this world to her. She could even think and suggest. "That night a fishing-smack was to sail from Granville to the Channel Islands. Some of the people, who had called at the Lefebvre farm, on their way to Avranches, had told her of ventures they were making, in sending over apples and pears to be sold in Jersey, where the orchard crops had failed. The captain was a friend of one of her absent sons; for his sake—"

"But we must part from *her*—from Magdalen, the apple of our eyes. And she—she has never left her home before, never been away from us—who will take care of her? Marie, I say, who is to take care of the precious child?" And the old man was choked with his sobs. Then his wife made answer, and said:

"God will take care of our precious child, and

keep her safe from harm, till we two—or you at least, dear husband, can leave this accursed land. Or, if we can not follow her, she will be safe for heaven; whereas, if she stays here to be taken to the terrible convent, hell will be her portion, and we shall never see her again—never!”

So they were stilled by their faith into sufficient composure to plan for the little girl. The old horse was again to be harnessed and put into the cart; and if any spying Romanist looked into the cart, what would they see but straw, and a new mattress rolled up, and peeping out of a sackcloth covering. The mother blessed her child, with a full conviction that she should never see her again. The father went with her to Granville. On the way the only relief he had was caring for her comfort in her strange imprisonment. He stroked her cheeks and smoothed her hair with his labor-hardened fingers, and coaxed her to eat the food her mother had prepared. In the evening her feet were cold; he took off his warm flannel jacket to wrap them in. Whether it was that chill coming on the heat of the excited day, or whether the fatigue and grief broke down the old man utterly, no one can say. The child Magdalen was safely extricated from her hiding-place at the Quay at Granville, and smuggled on board of the fishing-smack, with her great chest of clothes, and half-collected *trousseau*; the captain took her safe to Jersey, and willing friends received her eventually in London. But the father—moaning to himself, “If I am bereaved of my children I am bereaved,” saying that pitiful sentence over and over again, as if the repetition could charm away the deep sense of woe—went home, and took to his bed, and died; nor did the mother remain long after him.

One of these Lefebvre sons was the grandfather of the Duke of Dantzic, one of Napoleon's marshals. The little daughter's descendants, though not very numerous, are scattered over England; and one of them, as I have said, is the lady who told me this, and many other particulars relating to the exiled Huguenots.

At first the rigorous decrees of the Revocation were principally enforced against the ministers of religion. They were all required to leave Paris at forty-eight hours' notice, under severe penalties for disobedience. Some of the most distinguished among them were ignominiously forced to leave the country; but the expulsion of these ministers was followed by the emigration of the more faithful among their people. In Languedoc this was especially the case; whole congregations followed their pastors; and France was being rapidly drained of the more thoughtful and intelligent of the Huguenots—who, as a people, had distinguished themselves in manufacture and commerce—when the King's minister took the alarm, and prohibited emigration, under pain of imprisonment for life; imprisonment for life including abandonment to the tender mercies of the priests. Here again I may relate an anecdote told me by my friend: A hus-

band and wife attempted to escape separately from some town in Brittany; the wife succeeded, and reached England, where she anxiously awaited her husband. The husband was arrested in the attempt, and imprisoned. The priest alone was allowed to visit him; and, after vainly using argument to endeavor to persuade him to renounce his obnoxious religion, the priest, with cruel zeal, had recourse to physical torture. There was a room in the prison with an iron floor, and no seat, nor means of support or rest; into this room the poor Huguenot was introduced. The iron floor was gradually heated—one remembers the gouty gentleman whose cure was effected by a similar process in “Sandford and Merton,” but there the heat was not carried up to torture, as it was in the Huguenot's case—still the brave man was faithful. The process was repeated; all in vain. The flesh on the soles of his feet was burnt off, and he was a cripple for life; but, cripple or sound, dead or alive, a Huguenot he remained. And by and by they grew weary of their useless cruelty, and the poor man was allowed to hobble about on crutches. How it was that he obtained his liberty at last my informant could not tell. He only knew that, after years of imprisonment and torture, a poor gray cripple was seen wandering about the streets of London, making vain inquiries for his wife in his broken English, as little understood by most as the Moorish maiden's cry for “Gilbert, Gilbert.” Some one at last directed him to a coffee-house near Soho Square, kept by an emigrant, who thrived upon the art, even then national, of making good coffee. It was the resort of the Huguenots, many of whom by this time had turned their intelligence to good account in busy commercial England.

To this coffee-house the poor cripple hid himself; but no one knew of his wife; she might be alive, or she might be dead; it seemed as if her name had vanished from the earth. In the corner sat a peddler listening to every thing, but saying nothing. He had come to London to lay in a stock of wares for his rounds. Now the three harbors of the French emigrants were Norwich, where they established the manufacture of Norwich crape; Spitalfields in London, where they embarked in the silk-trade; and Canterbury, where a colony of them carried on one or two delicate employments, such as jewelry, wax-bleaching, etc. The peddler took Canterbury in his way, and sought among the French residents for a woman who might correspond to the missing wife. She was there, earning her livelihood as a milliner, and believing her husband to be either a galley-slave, or dead long since in some of the terrible prisons. But, on hearing the peddler's tale, she set off at once to London, and found her poor crippled husband, who lived many years afterward in Canterbury, supported by his wife's exertions.

Another Huguenot couple determined to emigrate. They could disguise themselves; but their baby?



If they were seen passing through the gates of the town in which they lived with a child, they would instantly be arrested, suspected Huguenots as they were. Their expedient was to wrap the baby into a formless bundle, to one end of which was attached a string; and then, taking advantage of the deep gutter which runs in the center of so many old streets in French towns, they placed the baby in this hollow, close to one of the gates, after dusk. The gendarme came out to open the gate to them. They were suddenly summoned to see a sick relation, they said; they were known to have an infant child, which no Huguenot mother would willingly leave behind to be brought up by Papists. So the sentinel concluded they were not going to emigrate, at least this time; and locking the great town gates behind them, he reentered the little guard-room. "Now, quick! quick! the string under the gate! Catch it with your hook stick. There in the shadow. There! Thank God! the baby is safe; it has not cried! Pray God the sleeping-draught be not too strong!" It was not too strong; father, mother, and babe escaped to England, and their descendants may be reading unmolested at this very moment this very paper.—*Household Words.*

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PRACTICAL PICTURES FOR THE YOUNG.

—  
BY WM. T. COBBENSHALL.

—  
NUMBER III.

—  
LEARNED MECHANICS.  
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"Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon," wrote Frances S. Osgood in a poem on labor. Idleness is the stillness of noon to man's intellect; both mental and physical vigor languish under its indulgence. The price of true greatness is unwearied industry. "Labor," said John Randolph, the eccentric representative of Roanoke, "is necessary to excellence. This is an eternal truth, although vanity can not be brought to believe, or indolence to heed it." Mere drudgery for the physical power is not elevating, though it may be strengthening and refreshing; but without work no man ever won enviable renown. In the very highest acceptation, to work is honorable; and so all men regard it whose opinions are worth respecting. Labor is a duty as old as Time, and to its accumulations is the world indebted for all that is excellent in both the mechanical and intellectual achievements of civilization. The cities of the plain; the farms of the mountain and the valley; the carriers of precious property; the avenues and the appliances of trade and travel, by land, and sea, and river; the messengers of love and intelligence, whether by the invisible powers of the air, or from our printing-presses, are created and controlled but by labor—all that is

useful, all that is beautiful, are the monuments of its imperative necessity.

Very stale truths these, indeed; but "line upon line, and precept upon precept," are required to enforce them practically.

He who would garner the world's intellectual treasures, and shape them to his own purpose, for a career in art, or science, or literature, is haply fortunate if he be not compelled to manual labor to provide for his physical wants; but because a man has not, at his order, money enough to purchase food, and raiment, and books, and instruction, is never a sufficient reason why he should despair in, or be content with, a sphere of action through which the light of intelligence does not shine. That any individual in America is obliged, by the force of general circumstances, to live and die ignorant and unrefined, is as untrue as that the youth who inherits a social position, on which fortune's smiles and favors fall, is thereby rendered a gentleman and a scholar. Men must carve out their own careers in the world, whether their hands be empty or filled with dollars. He who has not money to pay his passage whither the locomotive would carry him must walk. His progress may be slow, but plodding industry will bring him to the goal, if he be perseverant.

An aim in the world—a little just pride, tempered with intellectual courage, and inspired by determined spirit, will elevate the poorest and obscurest student.

The German poet Goethe, who had a philosopher's as well as a poet's estimate of human nature and its capacity, but expressed a truth, which the man who never entertained a thought of poetry or philosophy must recognize, when he wrote: "There are but two ways which lead to great aims and achievements—energy and perseverance. Energy is a rare gift; it provokes opposition, hatred, and reaction; but perseverance lies within the affordings of every one; its power increases with its progress, and it is but rarely it misses its aim."

He who digs and delves, who hammers and saws, or who paints and polishes, may argue, when his muscles ache with fatigue, that to become learned in law, or literature, or history, or medicine, or theology, or science, while his physical energies are daily taxed by severe toil, is an achievement beyond his reach; but let such a desponding mechanic be assured that what he considers impossible has been accomplished in spite of most adverse fortune and dispiriting toil.

Moments which the mass of men thoughtlessly throw away unimproved—hours which many spend in idle recreations, and which a few waste in debasing dissipation, have been so occupied by humble mechanics, who now live in America, that they are acknowledged leaders and teachers among men, honored for their erudition or their statesmanship.

In almost every community there are moderate examples of regular intellectual progress associated with assiduous mechanical labor. In every village,

in every city, among the mechanics of each class there is generally at least one quiet, reserved, studious man, who is known and respected as a thinker; who is never a patron of grog-shops, but always of book-stores and printing offices; who is a locomotive encyclopedia and dictionary; on whom all his associates rely for whatever explanations they may need on political, religious, or scientific questions that may be dimly discussed among them. Many of these unpretending, plodding, frugal men are led into positions which render them objects of respect and emulation beyond the circle of their individual acquaintance, and a few have become shining lights, as public characters.

A remarkable example of the diligent and successful pursuit of knowledge for the love of it—of the unambitious application of treasures of knowledge—acquired at intervals of manual labor, in modest retirement, is afforded in the career of a humble man upon whose eyes the light of day first fell at Morristown, N. J., on the 11th of January, 1799. His father was a shoemaker of very modest pretensions among wealthy neighbors. When the boy was four years old his father removed to Canada, and soon after died. The boy was apprenticed to his uncle to learn what he could of the carpenter's trade. He worked as an apprentice three years, when his uncle died, and he was thrown upon his own resources. He offered himself to a country physician as an office boy. He was accepted, and he sat himself down to devour his employer's library. This he had soon accomplished. Then he graduated from his narrow sphere, and became a clerk in a drug-store in the city of Buffalo. The thirst acquired for knowledge in the doctor's office could not be satisfied in a drug-store, and he quitted it to become a clerk in a book-store. At this he continued nearly a year, sometimes setting type for a newspaper published by the bookseller. From Buffalo he went into Canada, and held a "situation" for a few months on the Niagara Spectator. He returned, a pedestrian, to Buffalo, and worked three years as a compositor in the office of the Buffalo Journal. He then traveled a few months, and in 1822 became a citizen of Albany, N. Y. In 1828 he was married; the fruit of this marriage was five children.

In the year 1850, when this printer was fifty-one years old, he ranked as one of the most learned men of America. Thoroughly versed in mathematics, well read in the less abstruse sciences, he could read and write the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and Arabic, as correctly and readily as he could the English language, and had more or less acquaintance with the principal living languages, being able to converse in every one spoken in Europe.

While gaining this knowledge he had worked steadily at the "case," had received no higher wages than other journeymen printers, and yet was possessed of a very handsome town property, and could conduct those whom respect or curiosity led

to his house into one of the most select and truly valuable libraries in the capital of the state of New York. Its cash value was estimated at six thousand dollars.

In 1836 the degree of A. M. was conferred on the humble printer by the Faculty of Union College; and in 1850 he published a work entitled "The Calculus of Operations," which met with high commendations in the learned world, as an ingenious and profound production.

In 1852 the stranger in Albany, on inquiring for the man who, by perseverant industry, had thus rendered himself learned and honored, would have been conducted to the printing-office of Joel Mansel, State-street, where he might have found at the "case" a hale man, known as John Patterson, the learned printer; all things properly considered, as remarkable a man, perhaps, as the century has produced, yet scarcely known out of the city of Albany, till after the publication of his book, when his instructive career was briefly sketched by an Albany journal.

From the shoemaker's bench many men have arisen to distinction in literary and scientific pursuits. A few years ago, at a small town in New Jersey, a journeyman shoemaker named Condit was employed. Although a married man, he had no knowledge of many of the simplest branches of learning taught in primary schools. He could read and write but very poorly. He became sensible of the darkness and disadvantage of his mental condition, and he determined to have an education. Day after day he sat on his shoemaker's bench, and labored to support his family, and yet in a few months, with the occasional aid of a fellow-workman, he had mastered grammar, arithmetic, and geography. His love of knowledge grew in proportion to his acquirements, and he resolved to have a collegiate education. He had then four children. For their support he labored during the day; his evenings were zealously devoted to the study of Latin and Greek. In a year and a half he was prepared to enter college, and was received in the sophomore class in Williams College. He took with him his shoemaker's bench and tools as well as his books. The students supplied him with work. He was diligent in preparation for his classes, and diligent at labor for the support of his family. He won the confidence of his professors and the respect of his fellow-students. In six years from the time he commenced the study of grammar and arithmetic in a shoemaker's shop, he graduated from Williams College as well qualified as the most fortunate of his fellow-students. At a farewell meeting of his class, in consideration of his industry and perseverance, his wife was presented with an elegant set of silver spoons, tea and table, each engraved with an appropriate inscription. The shoemaker, with his bench, tools, and books, entered the Theological Seminary at New York. He became a faithful and popular minister.

An influential and prominent man in Europe, who was the artificer of his own fortune, and who liberally enjoyed his success, on being called an aristocrat, replied:

"My only aristocracy is the superiority which industry, frugality, perseverance, and intelligence will always insure to every man in a free state of society; and I belong to those privileged classes, to which you all may belong in your turn. They are not privileges created *for* us, but *by* us. Our wealth is our own—we have made it; our ease is our own—we have gained it by the sweat of our brows, or by the labor of our minds. Our position in society is not conferred upon us, but purchased by ourselves—with our own intellect, application, zeal, patience, and industry. If you remain inferior to us, it is because you have not the talent, the industry, the zeal or the sobriety, the patience or the application, necessary to your advancement. You wish to become rich as some do to become wise; but there is no royal road to wealth any more than there is to knowledge. The husbandman who will not till his ground shall reap nothing but thistles and briers. What right have you who do nothing for yourselves, your families, or your country, or mankind, to imagine that you will be selected by your fellow-citizens for their favor, their confidence, their rewards? If, by aristocrat, you mean one who has earned his promotion by his industry, then, indeed, I am an aristocrat; and please God I may always remain so."

America abounds with such aristocrats; and in every department of social, commercial, and national business they are the laborers on whom the permanent memorials of her greatness depend.

Among these aristocrats is one who has for several years been on a high mission to Europe, whose pursuit of knowledge affords potently encouraging lessons. He was the youngest of five sons, and his parents were poor. When sixteen years of age he labored during the day, in the field or the forest, to support his mother, while he watched half the night by the bedside of his aged father, whose life was slowly ebbing out. After his father's death he apprenticed himself to a blacksmith. Then the only education he had received was acquired during three winter months at a district school. His term of service as a blacksmith's apprentice was four years. When it had expired, by his brother's advice, he devoted half a year to study. He made the most of his opportunities, because he did not forget that every day he could earn a dollar and a half at the forge, although he had then no higher ambition than to be able to manage a surveyor's compass and read a little Latin. Having satisfied this ambition, a higher one was born in him; but he was reluctantly compelled to take up his hammer again. He engaged to do two men's work, and he received double wages. He stood between his forge and his anvil fourteen hours in each day, and yet he found time to read a little Latin and make some progress in the French language. Hav-

ing mastered its rudiments, he took up the study of Spanish also. A common man would have been more than satisfied with these tasks, but the young blacksmith determined to be a Greek scholar. He procured a Greek grammar—a little book which he could carry in the crown of his hat—and while he was waiting at his forge for metal to heat, he would take out his little book and commit a Greek verb to memory. When actively engaged in work, he recited his lessons to himself, and very soon was able to translate simple sentences.

His growing passion for knowledge absorbed all others. Again he quitted furnaces with a determination to devote all the hours, but those which sleep monopolized, to the culture of his mind. He took lodgings at a cheap boarding-house, and began a course of study which is best described in his own words:

"As soon as the man who attended to the fires had made one in the common sitting-room, which was about half past four o'clock in the morning, I arose and studied German till breakfast, which was served at half past seven o'clock. When the boarders were gone to their places of business, I sat down to Homer's *Iliad*, without note or comment to assist me, and with a Greek and Latin lexicon. A few minutes before the people came to their dinners I put away all my Greek and Latin, and began reading Italian, which was less calculated to attract the notice of the men who at that hour thronged the room. After dinner I took a short walk, and then again sat down to Homer's *Iliad*, with a determination to master it without a master. The proudest moment of my life was when I had first possessed myself of the full meaning of the first fifteen lines of that noble work. I took a triumphal walk in celebration of that exploit. In the evening I read in the Spanish language till bedtime. I followed this course two or three months, at the end of which time I had read about the whole of the *Iliad* in Greek, and made considerable progress in French, Italian, German, and Spanish."

The winter succeeding these mental efforts the industrious blacksmith taught a country school, making, at the same time, decided progress in the studies he had undertaken. The following summer he was engaged as traveling agent by a manufacturing company, and he began the study of the Hebrew language. A Hebrew Bible was his companion as he journeyed, and whenever he came to unfrequented parts of the road he allowed his horse to travel as leisurely as he pleased, while the master read Hebrew to him.

When the summer was over, he commenced business on his own account, but was soon dissatisfied. His heart was in books, not business, and he did not succeed. He resolved to consecrate his life to intellectual pursuits. He desired to pursue the study of Oriental languages; but he had no books, and he determined on a voyage to Europe. His plan was to engage employment on a vessel as a common sailor, and, when the vessel reached a

foreign port, buy books with his wages. He walked one hundred and twenty miles to the nearest seaport, carrying all his worldly wealth in a small bundle under his arm. When he arrived he learned that no vessel would sail for several weeks. He was sad and weary, and, with only one dollar in his pocket, was alone in a great city. He set about inquiring for such books as he desired, and was informed that at a city forty miles distant there was an antiquarian library, where he could probably see the volumes he wished. Toward that city he directed his footsteps; and when he reached it found a situation in a blacksmith shop at twelve dollars per month and his board. He soon ascertained that the antiquarian library would afford him but little aid. It was open only at such hours as he was compelled to be in his shop at work. This was a sorrowful disappointment; but he did not despair. He continued his Hebrew lessons. He rose early, and even pursued his studies while he ate his meals; his health was impaired by his severe mental and physical toil; and of one week in the year 1837 he made the following record:

"Monday, June 18—headache; forty pages Cuvier's Theory of the Earth, sixty-four pages French, eleven hours forging. Tuesday—sixty-five lines Hebrew, thirty pages French, ten pages Cuvier's Theory, eight lines Syriac, ten do. Danish, ten do. Bohemian, nine do. Polish, fifteen names of stars, ten hours forging. Wednesday—twenty-five lines Hebrew, fifty pages of astronomy, eleven hours forging. Thursday—fifty-five lines Hebrew, eight do. Syriac, eleven hours forging. Friday—unwell; twelve hours forging. Saturday—unwell; fifty pages natural philosophy, ten hours forging. Sunday—lesson for Bible class."

Let the boy who says he can not do chores at home because he has lessons to get at school, paste this record in his hat, and recur to it when he thinks his tasks are hard.

The blacksmith's desire to enjoy the advantages of the library he had sought out led him to make some business sacrifices, which gave him an opportunity to spend three hours each day within its halls. Subsequently he so divided his time that he studied eight hours, worked eight, and slept eight; and before the year 1840, when he was twenty-nine years of age, he was able to read fifty languages with greater or less facility. In the antiquarian library he found a grammar in the Celto-Breton tongue. It was a gift from the Royal Antiquarian Society of Paris. The blacksmith did not know a word of the language, but he resolved to write a letter in it to the Royal Society. In three months he was competent to execute his resolution, and his letter was dispatched. One year afterward he was rewarded with an official acknowledgment, accompanied by a donation of rare and valuable documents. In such an incident there is a practical illustration of what Kossuth said to the Marseilles republican, "To him that wills, nothing is impossible."

The learned blacksmith whose laborious career and remarkable mental achievements we have sketched is known as Elihu Burritt. He is now distinguished as a writer and philanthropist, as well as a linguist.

In answer to a letter of inquiry respecting his conquests as a student, he once wrote:

"An accidental allusion to my history and my pursuits, which I made unthinkingly to a friend, was, to my unspeakable surprise, brought before the public as a rather ostentatious *debut* on my part to the world; and I find myself involved in a species of notoriety not at all in consonance with my feelings. . . . I had, till the unfortunate denouement which I have mentioned, pursued the even tenor of my way unnoticed even among my kindred. None of them ever thought I had any particular *genius*, as it is called; I never thought so myself. All that I have accomplished or expect to accomplish has been and will be by that plodding, patient, persevering process of accretion which builds the ant-heap—particle by particle—thought by thought—fact by fact. And if I ever was actuated by ambition, its highest and warmest aspiration reached no farther than the hope to set before the young men of my country an example in employing those valuable fragments of time called 'odd moments.'"

That example Burritt, the learned blacksmith, did clearly set in the fullest practical form. Young men may heed and profit by it; remembering it was his creed, that "by a persevering culture of the mind an eminence may be attained equal to any that has formerly been won; that what man has done, man can do again; and He who formed our spirits, placed among our common faculties those which may be polished into as exquisite perfection, as ever the mind of man has heretofore shown them to have been."

Bulwer, a shrewd observer, has said: "Society is a long series of uprising ridges, which, from first to the last, offer no valley of repose. Wherever you take your stand, you are looked down upon by those above you, and reviled and pelted by those below you."

The young mechanic who firmly resolves, at whatever cost, to rise in the intellectual world above the mass of his fellows will find, perhaps sorely, that the novelist had well studied human nature; but if he take Carlyle's stern advice he must succeed. On being asked by a young person to point out what course of study he thought best to make a man, the eccentric essayist replied, in his characteristic manner: "It is not by books alone, or by books chiefly, that a man is in all points a man. Study to do faithfully whatsoever things in your actual situation, then and now, you find expressly or tacitly laid down to your charge—that is your post; stand in it like a true soldier. Silently devour the many chagrins of it—all situations have many—and see you aim not to quit it without doing all that is your duty."



## MAY MORNING.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

The light ferns shiver in the breeze  
Beside the rustic fountain;  
The strong wind sways the hemlock-trees  
That crown the tufted mountain;  
Fair Spring hath vanished from the dell,  
And from the sunny upland swell.

I saw her here but yesternorn,  
Abroad her blossoms flinging;  
Her odorous breath came with the dawn  
To where the grass was springing;  
Down in the hollows damp she set  
The cowslip and the violet.

The forest bough with green she hung,  
All shades of emerald taking;  
The blue-bird and the robin sung,  
The wild old echoes waking;  
The woods, whilom so dark and drear,  
Were ringing with the anthems clear.

Last eve she dressed with humid hand  
The grave where love reposes—  
The young leaves came at her command,  
The lily-buds and roses;  
And with her wand of golden sheen  
She touch'd the cypress boughs of green.

Where art thou now, capricious Spring?  
Where hast thou idly hidden,  
While to thy court the Borean king  
Returns, a guest unbidden?  
His breath will blight the garlands gay,  
The coronal of blushing May.

O, hasten back, with pleasant wile,  
To gladden all the scene—  
With gentle breath and sunny smile  
To bless the valleys green.  
The bright buds miss thy warm caress,  
The earth its wonted loveliness.

## THE TRANSPLANTED FLOWER.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

With the gentle sunlight streaming  
O'er its little cherub face,  
Lay an infant calmly dreaming,  
With a sweet, unconscious grace.

How I loved that little creature,  
As it slept so calm and fair,  
For it seemed on every feature  
Heaven had left its impress there!

With the lilies bending o'er him,  
And the daisies by his side,  
And the streamlet just before him,  
With its gentle, murmuring tide.

And the chubby hands were folded  
O'er the little beating heart,  
And the tiny lips of coral  
Seemed with every breath to part.

With a host of wavy ringlets  
Crushed beneath the little head,  
Still he lay as sleeping fairy,  
Dreaming on the violet bed.

And the breeze passed o'er him lightly,  
With a low and whispering sound,  
And the sun was shining brightly  
On the meadows all around.

Not for worlds would I have wakened  
That sweet infant slumbering there;  
But I gazed upon each feature,  
And I breathed a silent prayer,

That the blight of sin should never  
Wither that bright opening flower,  
Till, as pure and fresh as ever,  
It should grace a lovelier bower.

And that heart-felt prayer was granted—  
Ere returning summer came  
The beauteous flower had been transplanted,  
And it blooms in heaven again.

## HEART YEARNINGS.

BY FLEDA.

My heart is sad; the very wind  
That passes by mine ear  
Hath in it something undefined—  
A lone, a nameless fear.

I've heard it said, that on this earth  
Each heart must have a shrine:  
If this be so, O, where, my soul,  
In this cold world, is thine?

Be still, my thoughts, for memory's voice  
Is softly whispering near,  
And music of a far-off time  
Is ringing in my ear—

Sounds, low and sweet, by unknown hands,  
Like dying winds at even,  
Whispering the hope of bliss to come,  
Of rest and peace in heaven.

Not much it matters when or where  
Life's weary work is done,  
So it is done, well done—each day  
Still brings us nearer home.

Angels look down with pitying eyes,  
Each with a glittering crown,  
Pointing to bliss beyond the skies—  
Ah! why, my heart, look down?

That starry crown, my soul, is thine;  
It hath no thorn for thee;  
'Twill stamp this saddened heart of mine  
With immortality.

## THE COUNT DE LA TOUR-DU-VAL;

OR, THE FIRST CHRYSANTHEMUM.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY MRS. C. H. BIRNEY.

NEARLY a hundred years ago there lived, at the gates of Toulouse, a gentleman of the olden time, a great landowner, a distinguished botanist, a father of a family surrounded by every joy—the Count de la Tour-du-Val.

One day a traveler who arrived from the Indies made him a present of a perennial plant, of about two feet in height, with ligneous stalks covered with dark green leaves, and bearing a species of large china asters, with delicate petals, yellow, half tubulated, and much tufted.

The Count embraced the traveler, and fell on his knees before his plant. He recognized he possessed the Queen of the Astéroides, the giant flowered pyrethrum, the *anthemis grandiflora*, the *chrysanthemum indicum*, since so common under these names and under twenty others, but which till then had not figured in Europe, except in the descriptions of travelers and under the brush of the artist.

M. de la Tour-du-Val named his flower immediately the *chrysanthemum unicum*; and a frenzy of enthusiasm taking possession of his soul, this name, from that moment, was doubly true for him. In the first place, he declared that his chrysanthemum should be in reality the only one in France; that nobody should get a seed, leaf, or slip of it; and that those who wanted to look at it must come and ask the favor of him from all parts of the botanical world. Secondly, this flower became his only treasure and his only happiness. He neglected, he forgot for it his fortune, his birth, his family, his lands, his park, and all his other flowers. He made himself its gardener, its doctor, its slave, its Cerberus. He had a hothouse made expressly for it, and marked out an especial garden for it. If he had been able to dispose of the seasons, of the sun, of the rain, and of the wind, he would have disordered all nature for his chrysanthemum. He could not understand how he had passed twenty years of his life in cultivating frightful roses, wretched pinks, and miserable hyacinths, while there was upon earth a *chrysanthemum unicum*! He asked its pardon for not having left his country, his château, his wife, and his children, in order to go and seek for it himself in the depths of India or of China! The chrysanthemum pardoned him, doubtless, for it lavished upon him its flowers, its sprouts, and its seeds.

The next year M. de la Tour-du-val had a whole border of chrysanthemums. This conquest made a noise in the botanical world. The newspapers announced it to Holland, to Spain, to Italy, to Germany, to England, and from all these countries a procession of amateurs came in the autumn to bring

their homage to M. de la Tour-du-Val's *unique* flowers.

But, alas! jealousy and envy arrived with the homage, and the botanist's glory had its tribulations and its trials. In every admirer he saw an envious rival; in every visitor he imagined he saw a thief. In order to be admitted into his garden, it was necessary to have a certificate of good life and manners. Mysterious voices whispered to him, in the morning when he counted his flowers, in the night when he dreamed of them, "Put thy hand upon thy heart: if another had these chrysanthemums, and should show them to thee without giving thee any, couldst thou resist the temptation to steal a seed or snatch a stem?" Then his very hair would stand on end, and he would run breathless to his flowers; and he watched the visitor's hands, and would most willingly have searched their pockets. He sent away three gardeners who had dared to loosen some sprouts. He beat another who had dared to promise a slip to a foreigner. Suspecting that this foreigner was a German prince who had come six hundred leagues to see his chrysanthemums, he pitilessly shut his doors against him, and mounted guard, night and day, in his border, till the amateur had left the country. He had a suit with the Parliament, and was condemned to a thousand francs fine, for having fired upon a hunter wandering in his park, and whom he suspected of designs upon his *unicum*! However, this judiciary defeat overwhelmed him with joy, and he resolved to fire henceforth upon all suspicious-looking individuals. "Since it only costs a thousand francs," said he, "I accept this moderate tax, and I will willingly risk half my fortune to defend my dear chrysanthemums!" This speech being reported in the neighborhood, the Count's border was thereby assured against all bold strokes. There were plenty of resolute amateurs at Toulouse, but there was not one of them the man to risk his life for a flower seed.

M. de la Tour-du-Val slept tranquil then. Alas! he did not think of guarding against cunning and women. One of his cousins—we are oftenest betrayed by those nearest to us—a dashing widow, a wise counselor, young enough to be still naive, old enough to be already coquettish, Madame the Baroness of Castillac, a true daughter of Eve, if there ever was one, as keen as she appeared simple, bet one evening, while supping at the house of the chief magistrate, that she would taste of the forbidden fruit—that she would have one of the Count's chrysanthemums, and blooming in her own house! Being besides a loyal and intrepid adversary, she did not attempt to conceal her determination; she told of her design all over the city, which was soon divided into two adverse parties—one for the Count, the other for his cousin. Considerable sums were staked on the bets. In spite of her feeble chances, the Baroness had upon her side all the young military, and all the lasquet players, who would have been willing to lose much more

than their money for her sake. The middle-aged and sober men, the whist and boston players, sided, as might have been expected, at once and unhesitatingly with the Count.

The latter soon heard of the assault about to be made upon him; and guessing that he would be attacked through his heart, and that the besiegers would be bright eyes and sweet smiles—"Poor cousin," said he, looking at his chrysanthemums, "she imagines that a botanist is like a common man!"

The combat was opened at a ball. The Baroness was there first, dazzling by her grace and her toilet. The Count arrived last, with one of his flowers in his button-hole. We may as well say here, that, in spite of his fifty years, the Count was still a very fine-looking cavalier, and remembered to have boxed and fenced with Saint George. And now imagine all the tenderness, all the gallantry, all the snares for which French coquetry has the patent, and you will have some idea of the artillery with which the Baroness assailed the Count. The most penetrating glances, the most languishing smiles, the most expressive minuets, the most petulant gavottes, were for him, and for him alone. All the dancers, young and old, for the half of what was lavished upon the Count, would have thrown their fortunes, their lives, at the feet of the Baroness, who, nevertheless, for all that only asked one little plant from the Count's garden. But he, impassable in his lace ruffles, he enjoyed all the fascinations of the Baroness for two hours, and at last granted her—a single petal from his flower; gave it to her with a malicious smile, and then bade her a freezing adieu, saying, as he did so, "I leave you, beautiful cousin, to go and see if the frost has not spoiled some of my flowers." The Baroness broke her fan over his fingers, and went home, faint and sunken at heart, and with a frightful sick headache.

Eight days after the two combatants dined at the governor's, one of the lady's warmest admirers. Again M. de la Tour-du-Val wore one of his *unicums* in his button-hole. The assault was fiercer than ever. At the third course the Baroness, seeing the Count, who was somewhat animated by wine, becoming very amiable and attentive to her, thought the hour of victory was about to sound, and adroitly let fall the knot of pink ribbons which adorned her bosom. "A trophy!" cried the governor, who tried to seize the knot; but all the gentlemen, and the Count the first, disputed the favor. "I put it up for competition," said Madame de Castillac; "it shall be for him who makes me the most acceptable present;" and her bright eyes devoured her cousin's flower. If she had asked him for his blood, he would, perhaps, have given it to her then; but sobered by the evident allusion, the man abruptly gave way to the botanist. Seizing his chrysanthemum, and mixing it up with the salad, he passed it to his cousin, saying, ironically, "Pray taste, beautiful lady; this plant is the king's favorite

dish in the Celestial empire."\* This was more than the Baroness could bear; she had a nervous attack; and the governor, thinking the joke rather serious, sent a challenge to the Count de la Tour-du-Val. "I accept," said he; "but we can not cut each other's throat for three months yet. I must first gather the seeds of my chrysanthemums, and verify an attempt at grafting from which I hope wonders." The governor could not help laughing at this, and the affair of honor went no farther; and the Baroness got nothing more for her nervous attack and her bow of ribbons.

"*Tertia solet!*" said she when she had digested the Count's salad; and, passing in review, like a general, all the courtiers ready to be killed to satisfy her caprices, she declared to them, that in no way could they please her but by obtaining a chrysanthemum for her.

This time M. de la Tour-du-Val had all the youth of Toulouse upon his hands. He saw his garden menaced in every way, by day and by night. He was obliged to set wolf traps all around his borders, and to let loose there a garrison of sentinels and ferocious dogs. He caught in his traps two of the governor's secretaries; his dogs devoured the calves of three distinguished lawyers. He had several duels with the officers of the Languedoc regiment, whom he could not put off till after the harvest. But what was his blood to him? He saved more than his life—he saved his flowers!

One night, however, the Count had a narrow escape. All the conspirators together made a descent upon the borders where his pots of *unicum* were buried; they stupefied the dogs, overcame the sentinels, and carried off a bunch of flowers snatched at hazard. But judge of their mortification the next morning! The Count, having been informed of the intended descent, had taken up and hid all his chrysanthemums in his hot-house. The thieves did not find a single one in their bouquet, which was composed of dandelions, thistles, and Indian pinks! They owned themselves beaten, and resigned their powers to the Baroness.

"Well," said she, "like Medias, I will fight alone, and that will be enough to make me win!"

And announcing a solemn visit to her cousin, she arrived at his house one fine morning armed to the teeth—that is to say, adorned with all her charms, snowy neck, powdered hair, smiling lips, dewy eyes, jeweled arms, embalmed with amber and musk, rustling in ribbons and satin, glittering with gold and precious stones; her finest carriage at the gate; two lackeys walking before her, cane in hand—two others bearing her train of crimson velvet. It was just in the beginning of winter,

\* It is true that the chrysanthemum is a vegetable plant very much esteemed in China. It was on this account that it was brought from there by Captain Geoffroy; but whether from change of climate, or ignorance in the culture or in the cooking, this dish, so exquisite to the mandarins, tastes very badly to Europeans.—TRANSLATOR.

when the dried flowers give up their seed. The Count's most beautiful *unicums* hanging over the reserved borders, offered to the hand of the botanist or of the thief the means to multiply them a thousand-fold.

The Baroness found the Count occupied in pounding in a mortar all the roots, all the stems, all the seeds that he had not kept for himself.

"Selfish, miserly man!" she said, holding out her hand with irresistible grace. "You are still thinking of war when I have come to yield up my arms. You are defending your treasures, when I have come to declare to you that I renounce all desire for them forever."

"I accept your assurance, dear cousin," replied the Count, kissing the siren's white fingers.

"Yes," she resumed with the most unaffected air possible, "you have conquered, and I most humbly ask your pardon. You are the Hannibal of botany; and I abandon the empire of the *unicum* to you entirely! I have come here on purpose to sign a peace, and I only ask, as a pledge of our alliance, to be allowed to admire with you the wonders of your hothouse, and to carry away, as a souvenir, not one of your chrysanthemums, but one of your most ordinary flowers, which will be prized as your gift."

"So be it, beautiful cousin; give me your hand, and come with me," said M. de la Tour-du-Val; which signified, being literally translated, "Not having succeeded in robbing me by force, you come in person to try what cunning and four thieves in your livery can do. Well, I accept this last defiance, and I have my eye upon you."

At a sign from the Count, the gardener let loose two bull-dogs, charged to watch the valets, and to strangle them upon the least suspicion. Then the Count, taking upon himself the care of his cousin, turned to the valets who bore her velvet train, and let them see the end of a pocket pistol from which he was never separated. The lackeys trembled, the Baroness bit her lips, and the party began the inspection of the garden and hothouses. How can we describe the skirmishes of this invisible battle, the tricks and turnings of this mute comedy—skirmishes with the foot, the finger, the eye; tricks of dropping the handkerchief, slackening the pace, turning short round. The courteous adversaries exchanged, without violence, and without mercy, the softest and the most ferocious glances, the most tender and the most perfidious words, the most pathetic and the most menacing gestures. The lady praised, with the most sublime disinterestedness, the flowers in the hothouse and in the garden, while concealing the most unheard-of efforts to seize a branch or a corolla. The Count was most profuse in his thanks and in his protestations of confidence—all the while, however, pressing the lady's arm to keep her from turning aside, or dexterously clicking the trigger of his pistol for the benefit of the two train-bearers.

At last, after an hour of more skillful and more

desperate combats than any which distinguished the seven years' war, the two parties, at the end of their stratagems and of their attentions, were going to separate upon the confines of the battle-field—the Baroness with an *aster* in her hand, a smile on her lips and vexation in her heart, the Count affecting submission when he was sure of his victory—when Madame de Castillac, throwing aside the mask, cried, while her eyes were moist with tears, "Well, yes, cousin, my assurances a little while ago were all false, and my offers of peace my last battle! Yes, I came here to commit a theft if possible; but my supreme defeat leaves me nothing but remorse; and this time you see its sincerity in my tears. Receive, then, my confession with pity, and pardon me for the sake of my repentance. Come, let us part good friends."

Then, seeing the Count seriously moved, and, at last, convinced of her sincerity, she sealed the reconciliation by the most friendly kiss. But in doing this her foot became entangled in her train, and she must have fallen had not the Count caught her. Deeply touched, he almost carried her to her carriage, overwhelmed her with compliments, and, believing that he was repaying heroism with heroism, he promised her all his *unicums*—after his death!

But, as the carriage drove off, she cried, "*au revoir*!" to him with such a strange explosion of joy that he remained as if blinded by a flash of lightning, and stupefied by a presentiment.

"How triumphantly she drove off!" said he, passing from wonderment to terror, "Is the end to be a comedy worse than the commencement, and has she robbed me after all?"

Although he could not explain to himself the reasons for his fears, he slept with one eye open that night, and was pursued by a continual nightmare. A beautiful demon, in a velvet cloak, pointed out to him, in the Baroness' saloon, his most beautiful *unicum*, blooming before the eyes of his rivals. Suddenly awaking at daybreak, he ran to his flowers, examined them, counted them, and found no trace of a larceny.

As the days passed on, he tried to reassure himself; but the dream returned every night; and when he visited his cousin she seemed to him terribly amiable. In short, though all his *unicums* came up in the spring, he visibly declined, tormented by a vague inquietude up to the time for blooming. Older by ten years, his eyes hollowed by suspicion, he wandered about the entrance to his garden, bowed upon his cane, and watching every body.

The Baroness' birthday was in the autumn. She invited the court and the city to a grand supper; and all her friends overwhelmed her with bouquets, among others the Count, who sent, in a bronze vase, a full-blown rose-bush—a great autumnal rarity in those days.

The botanist trembled when he saw in the saloon all those who had conspired against him; but he was reassured in the festive saloon by the sight



of his rose-bush placed in the most conspicuous place: this distinction was far from promising hostilities. He took his seat in front of it, at his cousin's right hand. Then, carried away by the good things and the conversation, he supped heartily, and at the dessert proposed the Baroness' health. It was then that she spoke—with a smile which recalled the pretty demon in the dream.

She related the history of the Count's chrysanthemums, and the bet she had made to have one in bloom at her own house.

"What woman wills, fate wills," she said, putting forth her hand to the rose-bush. "I have succeeded where you all failed, and I have won my bet with those who sided with me. Here is a *chrysanthemum unicum* in full bloom. I appeal to the Count himself to know if this plant is not—worth a *salade*!" and, putting aside the branches of the rose-bush, she showed, in fact, a superb chrysanthemum blooming upon its living stem.

M. de la Tour-du-Val recognized it too well, although a mist had passed over his eyes, and, in the midst of the plaudits which resounded through the room and almost broke his heart, he could only murmur, "It is true; you have won! But, madame," he added, in a stifled voice, "you will give me up the traitor who stole this flower from me!"

"There it is," replied the Baroness, showing him her velvet cloak hanging over a chair; "I give you leave to pass your sword through and through it."

Then she related her last visit to the Count, her kiss at the right moment, and her adroit fall at the confines of the border. In brushing against the precious seed the velvet had caught some. She had discovered them; had planted, cultivated, and pruned them; and every body could see the result, skillfully hid in the Count's rose-bush—a single flower, it is true, upon a single stem, but a healthy stem and an irreproachable flower, which would suffice to scatter India chrysanthemums all over Europe.

These last words were the finishing blow to the botanist, and almost gave him an apoplectic attack. "My dream was right!" he cried, "this woman is a real demon!"

He offered the lady his château, his park, his fortune, if she would restore him his plant or destroy it; and, without waiting for her answer, he stretched out his arm. But every body arose to protect the flower, and to claim a seed, which was smilingly granted. It was the least the Baroness could grant to those who had risked their life for her. The Count, conquered, beaten down, despairing, retired like a man condemned to death.

The next morning, the chrysanthemums being no longer of any value to the Count, as others were going to have some, he destroyed the stalks, the roots, the flowers, the seed, and burned them up to the very last vestige. Then, having put the ashes into a vase, he went to carry this homage to his cousin.

But judge of the new stroke which crushed him, when he heard what I am about to relate.

Madame de Castillac, wishing to see her triumph in bright sunlight, had placed the chrysanthemum in her window, thinking that in the evening she would plant it in the garden. But her daughter, a little mischief of eight years of age, ignorant of all that had passed, and judging of flowers only by their brilliancy or their perfume, found that this smooth stalk, those sober leaves, and that yellow corolla, without perfume, spoiled the beautiful roses which surrounded it. She left her doll-baby, therefore, a moment, and thought she was doing a very meritorious thing in pulling up the plant, in crushing the root, and picking the petals to pieces. Nothing remained but the end of the stalk and the center of the stamina, which the child, in order to justify her taste, was comparing with the roses, when her mother, uttering a cry, perceived her, and rushed to stop her—too late! The *unicum* and its future were done for!

The child's tears disarmed her mother. "Truly," said she, "it is not worth crying for. It is sufficient that I won my bet; and my noble cavaliers will easily resign themselves to the loss of the seed. All this flower's posterity would not have been worth the pain given to my poor cousin. Let him keep his *unicum* to himself; I will never disturb him again."

At this moment the Count entered with his treasure in ashes. Upon seeing the mutilated, ruined flower—upon finding that he had, like Erostrates, burnt his own temple, he sank down in grief, remorse, and confusion. He picked up, as if they had been relics, the pieces of the plant, and carried them off with the ashes of his own; he buried the latter, and planted the former, hoping that a fiber or a seed would escape by a miracle. Vain hope and vain efforts! After bending over the earth nearly a month, the wretched man gave up.

And in this way—this is authentic—thanks to the selfishness of a botanist, chrysanthemums only appeared for a moment in France, till, in 1790, Blanchard, of Marseilles, brought from India two new varieties—one a greenish white, with green stamens, the other a deep purple, which had an immense success. In a few years the chrysanthemum invaded all Europe; and, finally cured of his avarice, the Count de la Tour-du-Val died happy in seeing his beloved flower again blooming. In 1809 a gardener of Paris succeeded in obtaining a yellow chrysanthemum, which took the name of Tour-du-Val. In 1811 the purely white corolla appeared; in 1813 the scarlet; in 1825 twenty-seven varieties were already known; and now the number almost equals that of tulips and dahlias.

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HAVE purity in the heart, and the outward may be left to take care of itself, under the few natural, simple restrictions imposed by Christ.

## SPRING.

BY WILBUR M'KING.

WINTER, with his sleety storms and surly winds,  
has

"Fled afar  
To hills that prop the polar star."

Gentle Flora, with her robe of flowers and breath of fragrance, has come again. She has come to "paint the meadows with delight," swell the sweet apple buds, and wreath gracefully around the window of your neat cottage-home the creeping woodbine. She has come to kiss your cheek and fan your hair with her soft, balmy breath. How pleasant it is to leave the close room and breathe the dewy freshness of a spring morning! How delightful it is to ramble over the grassy hills, and along the mossy banks of the little stream timidly rippling in the warm sunbeams! Listen how the cheery robin chirps in the plum thicket, and the mournful dove coos in the maple boughs! Look how nimbly bounds along the hill-side the bright-eyed squirrel, or cunningly peers out of his little home in the gray old oak! The whisper of the breeze, the carol of the birds, the purling of the stream, the shade and sunshine, compose a scenery perfectly ethereal. That must be a cold heart that does not enjoy it.

One of our best poets has well said,

"There is a pleasure in the pathless wood."

If I were a poet, I would woo the Muse among the wild hills and streams of a spring forest. The habit of shutting yourself up in a dark room, and then trying to spin out a few webs of poetry from empty brains, is dry work, to say the best of it. Woe to the man that is obliged to read such jingling lines! Let the poet gather his imagery, fresh and dewy, from nature, and fascinated readers will honor him by garnering them up in memory, and dwelling upon them with delight.

But the sweet poetry of the woods enshrines a mournful philosophy. One of old Erin's sweetest bards has sung:

"All that is bright must fade,  
The brightest still the fleetest;  
All that is sweet was made  
To be lost when sweetest.  
Stars that shine and fall,  
Buds that drop in spring,  
These, alas! are types of all  
To which our hearts are clinging."

These are sad truths. Melancholy thoughts come trooping around me. I am thinking of those departed ones, sleeping quietly in our village cemetery. Deep is their slumber. They know not that spring is blooming above them. They hear not the ringing of the morning bell. The red ray of the setting sun lingers upon their low resting-place, but they heed it not. Thunders roll over that lonely hill, but it does not wake them. Let

them sleep on. The winter of the grave will not always last. The spring of eternity will one day send through their veins the tide of life.

## A FEW HAPS AND MISHAPS.

FROM Grace Greenwood's quaintly titled book of travels we extract a few "haps and mishaps:"

VISIT TO MISS MITFORD.

We left the rail, and took an open carriage at Reading, a quaint old place, containing some venerable abbey ruins. "*Three Mile Cross*," the immortal "*Our Village*" of the sketches, is some miles from this town, but the poetess does not now reside there, having removed to a simple little cottage at *Swallowfield*, a mile or two away. We drove through "*Our Village*," however, and passed her old home; and every field, and lane, and house, and shop was familiar to my eye. The birds in the trees seemed singing her name over and over, and the wild roses in the hedges were breathing of her. I gazed down her favorite walks, half cheating myself with the hope that I should see her strolling under the green shadows with her lovely little friend *Lucy*, and her beautiful grayhound *Mayflower*. I looked longingly over toward *Aberleigh*, and sighed, that she who made those lovely rural scenes the haunts of charmed fancy, and places of quiet delight, and refreshment, for thousands, could herself roam over them and rejoice in them no more.

I knew when we were near Miss Mitford's home, by our encountering a group of her picturesque *protégés* the Gipsies, who were lounging on the turf at the entrance of a lane, sunning themselves—a careless, lazy-looking set of vagabonds, who scarcely deigned to turn their faces toward us as we passed; though one dusky damsel fired up at us with her gleaming eyes, from the ambush of her black, straggling locks.

We were pained to find Miss Mitford, who has been in a feeble state of health for some years past, suffering from an attack of illness more than usually severe. Yet she did not look ill: her fine expressive face was lit with pleasant smiles, and she retained her kind, sympathetic manner, and her cheerful, charming spirits to the full. Miss Mitford talks delightfully, with graphic descriptions of places and persons, free dashes at character, and a rich, delicious humor, which you relish like a dainty flavor. She has the joyous, outgushing laugh of a child, and her kindly eyes flash from under her noble brow and snowy, soft hair with all the vivacity of girlhood.

No complaining could have been half so touching as her cheerful resignation when she was told that she must not go with us to drive, a pleasure to which she had been looking forward. Feeling that she had over-exerted herself in conversation, we left her for an hour or two, while we visited *Strathfield-Saye*, the noble country-seat of the Duke

of Wellington, and drove through the extensive and beautiful grounds. The park is one of the finest in England, but the house is neither grand nor picturesque.

It was with real sorrow at my heart that I parted with Miss Mitford that evening. The excitement of the morning had worn off, and she looked pale and sad. I grieved to leave her with only her maid and man-servant, devoted though they be—feeling that she, whose heart was so rich in tenderest affections, should have the near love and anxious care of at least a sister or brother ever about her steps. My lips quivered painfully under her parting kiss, though receiving it as the benediction of one of God's angels. I never shall forget the deep melodious fervor of her "*God bless you!*" bestowed on her well-beloved friend Mr. F.; nor her last smile cast on us both, as she stood in her door, looking after us as we drove away. Yet I was much comforted in my sadness by the thought, that ever, while England boasts a pure literature and a virtuous people, while her quiet country lanes stretch out their lovely vistas of greenery, while her hawthorn hedges blossom through the pleasant land, will the name of Mary Russell Mitford be cherished and revered.

#### QUEEN ELIZABETH'S GALLERY.

Queen Elizabeth's armory is the gallery of greatest interest. It contains an equestrian figure of her Virgin Majesty in the costume in which she went to St. Paul's to return thanks for the destruction of the Spanish Armada. Here are many curious weapons, very ancient and awful; such as the "Military Flail," the "Catchpole," the "Glaive," the "Poleax," the "Lochaber Ax," and most horrible of all, for the infernal mockery of its name, the "Morning Star," or "Holy Water Sprinkler." The first name comes from its form, a ball of wood set with spikes, and fixed on the end of a pole; the "holy water" was the blood and brains it scattered around when it was swung by a strong arm in the thick of the battle. I stood with a sick heart by the instruments of torture, laid my hand upon them, studied the atrocious ingenuity of their contrivance, yet could not believe the revolting truth, that in the reign of a queen, a very woman, one would say, regarding her weaknesses, human forms had writhed within them, human bones and sinews cracked under them, human hearts burst with excess of pain, true human souls grown wild and shrieked out false confessions. O, as I longer gazed on these dread implements, with what unspeakable reverence I thought of them who had "endured unto the end," till with lips stiffened and eyes impurpled with suppressed anguish, till bathed with the blood and sweat of extremest torture, and old with ages of agony compressed into one mortal hour, the panting life crushed out, the senseless body grew deathly still, and the faithful spirit rose serene above its merciless tormentors, above its gloomy prison-house to its rest on the bosom of the Crucified!

#### SIR WALTER RALEIGH AND THE BEHEADING BLOCK.

Opening out of Queen Elizabeth's armory is the dungeon wherein Sir Walter Raleigh was confined for more than twelve years, and where he wrote his *History of the World*. You feel, while standing in that dark and most gloomy cell, a singular mingling of admiration, indignation, wonder, and pity. O the unimaginable humiliation, pain, and weariness of such a life to him, the princely courtier, the brave adventurer, the statesman, philosopher, and poet.

Just before Raleigh's cell stands the beheading block; not the one used at his execution, but the one on which Lords Balmerino, Kilmarnock, and Lovat suffered the penalty of treason. The marks of the ax are deep upon it. Their Lordships' headsmen must have been a sturdy fellow, who struck steadily, heavily, and but once. The beheading ax, which stands near this block, is rusty and blunt, by no means a formidable-looking implement; yet it once went gleaming down on to the neck of the princely Essex, and sent the rich young blood of Anna Boleyn spurting into the face of the headsmen.

#### STRATFORD ON AVON, OR HOME OF SHAKESPEARE.

I can not hope to give in their fullness the feelings with which I approached this shrine of my highest intellectual worship; to tell how every hill and green-shadowed vale, and old tree, and the banks of that almost sacred river, spoke to my hushed heart of him who once trod that earth, and breathed that air, and watched the silver flowing of that stream; of him whose mind was a fount of wisdom and thought, at which generation after generation has drank, and yet it fails not; of him whose wondrous creative genius passed not alone into grand and terrible forms of human and super-human power, nor personations of manly wit, royal courtesy, and warlike courage; but who made himself master of all the mysteries of the feminine soul of Nature, called into being a world of love and poetry, and peopled it with beautiful immortals; of him whose bold yet delicate hand swept every chord in man's variable nature, to whom the soul of childhood gave up its tender little secrets, from whose eye nothing was hid even in the deepest heart of womanhood.

I knew the house—I should have known it any where, from plates and descriptions. We passed through the shop into what seemed to have been a sort of family room. Here I felt disposed to linger, for in that deep chimney corner he must have sat often, in winter nights, dreaming the dreams that have since filled the world. Perhaps he there saw, in the glowing embers, the grotesque and horrible faces of Caliban and the weird sisters, or the delicate forms of Ariel and Titania, floating in the wreathed smoke, and heard in the rain without the pitiless storm which beat upon the head of Lear.

We ascended a short, narrow flight of stairs, and stood in the birth-chamber of Shakespeare! the humble little room where his infant heart took up that throb which had in it so much of the

intellectual life of the ages to come. As I stood silently there I was almost pained with a vain wonderment as to the mother of Shakspeare. Was she great hearted and large minded—fully worthy of the glory which rays back upon her? Did no instinctive pride stir grandly in her bosom, as she laid against it first her new-born child? Did no prophetic glorying mingle with her sweet maternal joy?

The entire house is small and simple even to meanness; and yet it has ever been, and must be while it stands, the "pilgrim shrine" of genius, and wealth, and rank, and royalty, where the humble and great of all nations do homage to a monarch of the human mind, absolute and undeposable.

#### BURNS'S MONUMENT.

The monument stands on the summit of the eastern bank of the Doon, and near to the "auld brig" on the "keystone" of which poor Tam O'Shanter was delivered from his weird pursuers, and his gray mare "Meggie" met with a loss irreparable. It is of graceful proportions and a tasteful style of architecture. The grounds about it, though small in extent, are admirably kept, shaded with fine shrubbery, and made more beautiful by hosts of rare and lovely flowers. There seemed to me something peculiarly and touchingly fitting in thus surrounding an edifice, sacred to the genius of Burns, with the leafy haunts of the birds he loved, in whose songs alone would his tuneful memory live, and with the sweetness and brightness of flowers, from whose glowing hearts he would have drawn deep meanings of love and pure breathings of passion, or on whose frail, fragrant leaves he would have read holy Sabbath truths, lessons of modesty and meekness, and teachings of the wondrous wisdom of Him who planted the daisy on the lonely hillside, and the poet in a weary world—the one to delight the eyes, the other to charm and cheer the souls, of his creatures.

Within the monument we saw that most touching relic of Burns, the Bible which he gave to "Highland Mary" at their solemn betrothal. It is in two volumes. In both volumes is the name of Burns, with his Mason's mark, and in one is a lock of Mary's own beautiful, golden hair—a soft, glossy curl, which in that last tender parting may have been smoothed down by the caressing hand, may have waved in the breath, or lain against the breast, of the poet-lover.

#### "BONNIE DOON."

I never remember to have felt a more exquisite sense of beauty, a delight more deep and delicious, though shadowed with sad and regretful memories, than while sitting or strolling on the lovely banks of the Doon, half cheated by excited fancy with the hope that I might see the rustic poet leaning over the picturesque "auld brig," following, with his great, dark, dreamy eyes, the windings of the stream below; or, with glowing face upraised, reveling in the clear blue sky and fair floating clouds

above; or, perchance, walking slowly on the shore, coming down from the pleasant "braes o' Ballochmyle," musing, with folded arms and drooping head, on "the bonnie lass" who had there unconsciously strayed across the path of a poet, and chanced upon immortality. As I lingered there, countless snatches of the poet's songs, and stanza after stanza of long-forgotten poems, sprang to my lips; rare thoughts, the sweet, fresh flowers of his genius, seemed suddenly to blossom out from all the hidden nooks and still, shaded places of memory, and the fair children of his fancy, who had sung themselves to sleep in my heart long ago, stirred, awoke, and smiled into my face again. One of our company sung

"Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon;"

and whether it was that his voice, in its soft, pathetic tones, was peculiarly suited to the mournful words and air, or that the scene itself mingled its melodious memory with the singing, I know not; but never before had I been so affected by the song.

#### STUDY OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

In the beautiful little study in which the great novelist wrote many of his works, I felt the air surcharged with the living magnetism of his genius. So *near* he seemed, so strangely recent his presence, so inevitable his speedy return, my mind grew bewildered, and my heart beat hurriedly and half expectantly. My very senses obeyed the strong illusion of my excited imagination. I looked toward the door by which he used to enter. I listened, and spoke low. I dared not approach his writing-table and sit in his chair, for fear he might surprise me when he should come in. But O, how soon passed over my heart the chill returning wave of recollection, of reason! Gone, gone forever—dust, dust these twenty years!

#### CROSSING THE FORTH, OR TRUSTING IN PROVIDENCE.

Crossing the bridge over the Forth, on entering the ancient town of Stirling, reminded me of a characteristic anecdote I had lately heard of a sturdy Scotch dame, who once, during a stormy season, had occasion to cross the river at a ferry some twenty miles below. The ferryman told her that the waters ran high, and the wind promised a hard blow, but that, as her business was pressing, he would do his best to get her safely across. "Is there muckle danger, mon?" she asked. "Ay, woman, the passage wad be perilous, but ye maun put your trust in Providence." "Na, na," said the prudent dame, drawing back, "I'll no trust in Providence so lang as there's a brig at Stirling," and actually set forth to walk the whole distance round. There is a volume of national character in this little story. An Irish woman would have trusted in Providence, or, rather, in St. Patrick and the "holy Virgin," and told her beads across the perilous passage, rather than wearied her bones by taking the safe roundabout way.

#### THE FRANCISCANS AT ROME.

The Franciscans are the ugliest, coarsest, the most animal-looking set of men I have ever encountered



in or out of the church. I declare, that in all that long procession, I saw not one whose countenance revealed that he had one high thought in his brain, one pure aspiration or gentle human affection in his heart. You could not alone

"Trace

A dead soul's epitaph in every face,"

but evidences of that state of corruption and decay which as surely follows moral as physical death, and the breath of which seemed to taint the sweet air as they walked along. I remember visiting, some years since, a certain state institution in Boston, the members of which are truly, as this holy fraternity proclaim themselves to be, retired from the world for the world's good. As this procession of ill-conditioned friars passed me, I was reminded suddenly and vividly of those sufferers from an unfortunate falling out with the laws, as I saw them "training in" to a dinner somewhat more frugal than even monkish fare.

#### BLESSING OF BEASTS.

We went, last Sunday, to see the blessing of beasts—an annual ceremony, which takes place at the Church of San Antonio. There was an immense crowd of all descriptions and classes of people; among the rest, a vast convocation of beggars, the crippled and maimed in endless varieties, wrecks and remnants, divisions and subdivisions of men.

A priest stood on the steps of the church, with a holy-water sprinkler in his hand, and a little boy at his side, bearing the *benetier*. The animals were trotted up before him; he read a form of benediction in Latin, shook the sprinkler at them, and they were good for a twelvemonth. Of course, this is done for a consideration—as what is not, in the way of Church parades, privileges, and immunities? The first applicants for a benediction, after our arrival, were two miserable old cart horses, who looked as though the blessings of all the fathers of the Church could not keep them on their legs for twenty-four hours. I fear the rite was extreme unction to them; and yet the owner doubtless led them away, rejoicing in the faith that the crows were cheated of the poor skeletons for a year to come.

Next came a drove of donkeys, with their heads and tails decorated with gay ribbons. One of these committed the ever-to-be-apprehended asinine impropriety of braying in the midst of the ceremony. So absurd, ludicrous, and pompously farcical was this scene—so stupid, yet consciously ridiculous, seemed the chief actors—that it struck me the benediction might have commenced without great inappropriateness with an apostolic "dearly beloved brethren!"

#### TYROLESE WOMEN.

Many of the Tyrolese women adopt the dress of the men for laboring in the field, and look all the better for it. We have seen hundreds of these "*femmes emancipees*," as our courier calls them, digging and spading lustily; and a healthy, hearty,

and withal merry set they seem. From the window of the inn, the other evening, I watched a group of ten or twelve at work, weeding a field of wheat. The rain was falling fast, as it had been all day; yet, when the vesper bell rung, they dropped upon their knees, and remained at their devotions for nearly ten minutes. After changing their wet, masculine habiliments for comfortable female gear in a barn near by, they came into the inn for their supper. I saw them at that primitive repast. They sat about a round table, and ate a sort of porridge out of one large dish, seasoning the sorry meal with jest and laughter.

"O young and jolly creatures,"

ye may be ignorant, and stupid, and lamentably superstitious; may fall considerably behind ideal womanhood; but for my life I can not find it in my heart to pity you. Full chested, vigorously limbed, strong backed, firm footed, ye defy storm and hardship, and rejoice in sternest labor; ye are never troubled by fine stomachic sensibilities; ye know nothing of the toil of the brain, of the conflicts of the spirit, of the tragic sorrows of the heart, of the exquisite agonies of the nerves. You are robust, and plump, and bounteously blooded, bearing yourselves, in your brown bloom, with the unconscious insolence of rustic health. You have simple habits, few wants, and believing hearts.

#### A MISCHIEVOUS BONNET.

When at Paris I had purchased one of the bonnets of the season, which, as every one knows, are small beyond precedent, without reflecting that I was bound for a country where the ladies display in nothing their characteristic modesty and reserve more than in bonnets, at least those for the ordinary promenade, retiring into profound depths of leg-horn and lace, and sometimes cloistering themselves in the shades of huge "uglies."

The Parisian milliner of whom I purchased the above-mentioned bonnet, who was a reduced *comtesse*, and had her arms blazoned on the plafond of the show-room, was so complaisant as to go into ecstasies over the effect when I tried it on, crying, "*C'est joli! charmant! parfait!*" I saw that it was becoming, peculiarly so; and she assured me it was not dear; so I took it, with no fearful looking for of Cockney indignation, surely. Well, as I descended from my chamber, equipped for my expedition into town, I noticed that the friend who was to accompany me looked a little struck up; but I concluded it was with admiration at the *ton* of the thing—and perhaps it was. At the station, while waiting for the train, I had a strong suspicion that a remark I overheard, of "My eyes! them *is* poppies," referred to a trifle, in the decorative way, belonging to my bonnet. In the railway carriage I found myself an object of rather curious regard—but this I attributed to a certain foreign air I might have picked up on the continent; and it was not till I was walking down Regent-street that I was convinced as to the cause of the sensation I

produced. "The head and front of my offending" was my unfortunate bonnet. It was stared at and commented upon without mercy; shop boys pronounced it "the last Paris stunner;" shop girls lifted their eyebrows, and said, "O, my!" and an impudent young footman, as he passed me, looked up into my face with a shrill, significant whistle. At last, in very desperation, I rushed into a shop, and purchased a black lace veil, with which I quite extinguished my "stunner," poppies and all.

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ROSA MORTON;

OR, SABBATH SCHOOL INFLUENCE.

—  
BY MRS. BETHIA B. LEAVITT.

—  
CHAPTER I.  
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"It is really going to storm, and you can not possibly go home to-night," exclaimed Rosa Morton to Ella Lindsley, as the latter, with troubled countenance, stood gazing at the black clouds rolling their gathered forces in immense columns through the air. "Indeed, you need not think of it," continued Rosa, in a half-piqued tone; "you can spend at least one day more with me; I will promise to exert myself to make it pass as quickly as possible."

"Do not speak so, dear Rosa," replied Ella, gently; "you know I love to be with you; but to-morrow will be Sunday, and if I stay my class will be without a teacher."

"O, as for your Sunday school class," interrupted Rosa, "what if you do not get to it? It will only be missing once; and really," added she, with a smile, "I should think it would be a great relief. I can not imagine what interest you take in teaching a dozen of half-clad children. I should all the time be afraid of their putting their dirty, or, at best, half-washed fingers on my dress, or touching my gloves, or doing some other disagreeable thing."

"To me, Rosa, there is a great deal of pleasure in teaching my class. It is composed entirely of children whom I hunted up and clothed myself comfortably. O, it has been a source of great delight to bring them into the Sabbath school, to tell them about God—a Being of whom, perhaps, they have never heard—and about Jesus Christ their Savior, and all those truths with which we have been familiar all of our lives. And," continued Ella, while her lovely face lighted up with enthusiasm, "if you would only take a class, Rosa, you would experience the same delight; and as for your dress—you would never think of it for an instant; indeed, you are quite mistaken in supposing my scholars ever come with soiled clothes or hands. I wish you would only go with me some time, and see how cleanly they look, and how well they behave. Their little faces are so bright and

happy! O, it is *such* a pleasure to teach them when they love to learn, and my class always seem interested in the lesson."

"I take a class!" exclaimed Rosa, laughing; "I wouldn't for the world. Why, it would be the dullest morning of the week; indeed, Sunday morning is now very dull unless I hear an eloquent sermon, which I enjoy as an intellectual feast; and I always go where I can hear the finest discourse. As I said, I am much surprised that you take so great an interest in such things; but if you enjoy it as you really seem to, I can not complain. And I suppose," pursued she, "you make it a point to be always at your own Church; and, no matter how eloquent a minister should preach in another, you deprive yourself of hearing him by attending your Sunday school class?"

"Certainly, I am always, when practicable, at Sabbath school; but I do not esteem it in the light you do; nor do I place such a high estimate on '*eloquent sermons*.' To be sure, I enjoy them intellectually; but I think that those discourses which are thus popularly styled seldom have the unction of the Holy Ghost, and I generally feel much more profited by listening to a simple, unadorned exposition of some practical text from which I may derive knowledge."

"From which you may derive knowledge!" repeated Rosa; "you surely do not mean to say that eloquent sermons may not contain learning, and a great deal of it, too? I am sure the Rev. Mr. Polish is a very learned scholar; and O what delightful discourses he gives us! his imagery is so beautiful—his diction so pure and elegant. If you do not admire *his* style, your taste must, indeed, be plain."

A slight flush was visible in Ella's face at the rather scornful tone in which this last was said; but remarking quietly that her friend was mistaken altogether; that she did not refer to *learning*, but *knowledge*—knowledge of practical duties—such knowledge as would further the performances of obligations to her Maker and fellow-beings; she added that she was very fearful that the Rev. Mr. Polish was more desirous of climbing upon the cross, and exhibiting self, than of showing forth the meek and lowly Sufferer.

"Ah, Ella, that is not fair," exclaimed Rosa. "I really think, in condemning Mr. Polish, you violate that portion of Scripture which says, '*Charity thinketh no evil*.' To be sure, he is not what one would call *very ministerial* in his social conduct; but then he is so agreeable and entertaining withal, that I do not trouble myself with the exact amount of deep piety he may happen to possess. He is really very agreeable; though, I confess, one would scarcely take him for a minister."

"No, Rosa, I do not wish to be uncharitable, I am sure, or judge any one harshly; but the same infallible book from which you quote also says, '*A tree is known by its fruits*.' If the ordinary private conduct of a minister of Christ does not

accord with the pure and holy precepts he delivers from the pulpit, how can we avoid the conclusion given to us—'A good tree can not bring forth evil fruit,' for 'by their fruits shall ye know them?'"

"O well, Ella, I dare say this is all very true; you know you are always right; but I still prefer going to whatever church will afford me the best entertainment; and, if you will accompany me to-morrow, some time I will visit that most interesting Sunday school of yours, and listen with all the patience that I can collect for a week previous to your—I must say—dull, prosaic pastor, who communicates such valuable lessons of instruction."

Again Ella's delicate cheek flushed at the light and sarcastic manner in which Rosa spoke of him who had been to her a spiritual father. She had gone to him for the solution of difficulties in her religious course, and, being charmed by the affectionate manner with which she had always been treated, had with a sweet confidence opened her heart to him. In return she received those pious instructions which aided in establishing her religious principles, and sustained her amid the various temptations which surrounded her.

"Why, Ella, what makes you look so? I am sure I did not intend to hurt your feelings in pronouncing your minister dull; you know each one has her preference—each one suits her fancy. It would be very heathenish not to have one minister or another for a favorite. Come, promise to go with me—will you not? But listen!" and each ear caught the rumbling of the distant thunder. The storm approached; becoming more and more terrific; and in a few moments all the elements seemed battling fiercely with each other; while Ella stood near the window with clasped hands, and a countenance betraying the intense feelings of awe and admiration which the sublimity of the scene inspired. But the Spirit that moved upon the face of the troubled waters, and cried, "Peace, be still!" yet ruled the tempest with omnipotent power, and in a short time all the loveliness of quiet nature, hightened and vivified by the recent commotion, gladdened the eye, and caused the heart of Ella Lindsley to bound with renewed gratitude to her heavenly Father. "O, Rosa, is it not lovely?" exclaimed she; "do look at the pearly drops as they hang upon the boughs of that beautiful acacia glittering in the sunlight; and how the rain has brightened those meadows; and look at the sky so lately shrouded in angry blackness, now filled with rich clouds, all radiant in whiteness and glory; and, O, see the little birds peeping from their nests, scarcely daring to venture out; and there—see there is the rainbow—the bow of promise—and just think, perhaps, our heavenly Father is looking upon it at this instant, and remembering his covenant!"

But while Ella was thus exclaiming with delight, excited by the varied beauties around her, Rosa was slowly rising from the soft cushions of a luxurious sofa, to which she had in terror retreated,

as the glare of the lightning caused her eye to shrink and her heart to quail. Approaching she exclaimed, "O, Ella, how could you stand by that window! I really think it was presumptuous. But now that the storm is over, I can admire this scene as well as yourself. It is lovely; but do tell me, Ella, what made you so calm, while I was trembling with fear?"

"Suppose, Rosa, your father should very suddenly enter your room with a drawn sword or a loaded pistol, and even go so far as to threaten your life, would you be alarmed and fly? O, no; the thought would instantly flash through your mind, 'It is my father; he would not harm the child of his bosom.' So, Rosa, while the storm may be raging with fury, and destruction seem threatening every moment, I can look up to God my heavenly Father, through the merits of Christ his Son, and feel that 'he divideth a water-course for the overflowing of the waters; he maketh a way for the lightning of the thunder;' and, O Rosa, how sweet, how very sweet, it is to have a constant abiding sense of the Almighty's protection, to feel the everlasting arms of love encircling me, and wherever I go to have the consciousness that Christ is by my side, guiding me aright, and keeping me from all evil! Ah, Rosa, Rosa, I have learned to trust in the God of the storm as well as the God of the soft sunshine as my *best Friend*. But see, it is clear now; I can yet reach home."

Rosa had maintained a perfect silence while her friend was thus speaking. Such feelings she had never experienced; consequently she could not understand or appreciate them. She said nothing in reply, but reluctantly consented to Ella's departure. Wishing her, with a mischievous smile, her usual degree of pleasure the next morning, the friends parted.

Perhaps my reader has been wondering, during the progress of this conversation, how two such apparently different dispositions had become sufficiently assimilated to cement a friendship as intimate as seemed to exist between these two young ladies. It is frequently said that school-girls' friendships are never or very seldom deep or permanent. I do not pretend to question the correctness of this assertion, except so far as to say, that the really close intimacy which was established between Rosa Morton and Ella Lindsley proved a very decided *exception*. Ella had at the age of ten years been deprived of a lovely mother, whom she strikingly resembled in person and mind; but not before she had imbibed the pure principles of the religion of Christ which her mother had assiduously endeavored to instill into her mind. Before Mrs. Lindsley died, her heart had been gladdened by the buds of promise which had already begun to peep forth in the character of her little daughter, and many a time did her heart throb with intense desire to be permitted to see that daughter exhibit in her life the lovely meekness of a devoted Christian. But she knew well the character of the

symptoms that threatened an early dissolution, and feeling within a monitor warning her that at farthest she could live but a few months or years, with all the tender devotion of an affectionate parent, incited, too, by this very consciousness of decay going on in her feeble frame, she constantly, and with an almost nervous solicitude, watched the developments of Ella's character, and communicated from her own richly stored mind and heart those lessons which she deemed would prove her child's safeguard, when called to battle with worldly associations, unshielded by maternal care or vigilance. Mr. Lindsley was a gentleman of cultivated mind, devoted to literature and science, and, so far as the intellectual culture of Ella was concerned, her mother knew he would spare no expense or trouble. But this was her fear—that being ambitious for his daughter to shine conspicuous amid the galaxy of female beauty and intelligence, all of his endeavors would be directed to the formation of her mind and manner without any regard to her eternal interests; Mrs. Lindsley being fully aware of his skeptical views in regard to the radical change that must be effected in the heart of the sinner. Although he had constantly before him an instance of the subduing and purifying effect of grace, he attributed the meek loveliness of his wife to her natural sweetness of disposition, now softened and refined by her protracted feebleness of body. But she, who for years had made her heart the chief object of study, knew full well its natural depravity, and, yielding to the operations of the Holy Spirit, and by it constantly guided in her self-examinations, she had realized her utter helplessness, and, humbly kneeling at the foot of the cross, experienced the saving power of faith in Christ. For years she walked in the light of this faith, supported in every trial and affliction by the word of truth; and when disease began to commit its fearful ravages upon her frame, her spirit gently reposed upon the bosom of her Savior. Calm and serene as concerned her own soul, she also felt inexpressibly dear to her the welfare of her darling child, and, as I have already said, exerted herself constantly and laboriously to foster in her young heart the seeds of truth. Is it to be wondered that the prayers of that pious mother availed, so that when Rosa inquired the cause of her calmness in the storm, she could call God her Father, and Christ her Savior? Rosa! poor Rosa! her advantages had been purely intellectual—her pursuits entirely of a worldly character. Love of dress and company were the ruling passions of her life. Mr. Morton, being almost entirely engrossed in money-making speculations, and anxious to provide his family with ample means for maintaining their position in society, had sent his two daughters to schools of the highest reputation, and given them every advantage for what is very indefinitely termed "*accomplishments*." With what complacency Mr. and Mrs. Morton regarded their family government may be evinced by the following con-

versation, which occurred the evening of the day their children returned from a fashionable boarding-school.

"Well, Susan," inquired Mr. Morton of his wife, "as you have not seen the girls for some time till to-day, do you think they have improved? What do you think of them as young ladies about to enter the drawing-room? But," added he, smiling, "I need scarcely ask you such a question—the proud smile that plays around your lips sufficiently tells of the pleasure you expect to derive from introducing our two daughters into society."

"Really, Mr. Morton," answered the wife, or, rather, *the mother*, "I do not know where you will find two more interesting girls. Alice is so graceful in all her motions, and so gentle and affectionate in her disposition, that all *must* love who see her. As for Rosa, I fear she has been a little too much petted—a *little spoiled*, perhaps—but she will become more subdued as she grows older. She is quite young," was added excusingly. "There is really, however, something about her very engaging, and I think she will be much admired in the *beau monde*."

"No doubt of it, no doubt it," returned Mr. Morton; "she may be a little too sarcastic in her turn; and although not so strictly beautiful, perhaps, as her sister, she seems to be so high-spirited, I think she will be equally admired, if not more so, by a great many. I think," continued he—and the self-complacent smile bore ample testimony to the elation of his heart—"that we have reason to congratulate ourselves upon the success of our children's training. Our care has not been in vain; and I shall take pleasure in recommending Mrs. Allmanner, who has nobly seconded our efforts, and carried out our principles in the education of the girls."

"Yes! I think, too, we ought to feel proud at our success. The training of our daughters has always appeared a great responsibility to me; indeed, sometimes I have almost trembled with fear, lest when they grew up they might be awkward and ignorant. I should almost die with shame if my daughters were as great ignoramuses as the Misses Shallow. But when shall we give their 'coming-out' party?"

Then followed a lengthy discussion of this last important question; but, alas! not a word was said of the proficiency their daughters had made in self-knowledge—not a surmise concerning the morals or religious advantages of the institution at which they had been placed. Alas! alas! these worldly parents thought only of the casket, while the precious jewels enshrined within lay utterly uncared for—left to be dimmed and darkened by neglect. O blind and unfaithful parents! to you were intrusted the training of *immortal souls*—beings who were formed for the bright, unfading glories at God's right hand, or doomed, by your unfaithfulness, perhaps, to the sad and bitter misery of the lost in perdition. Talk not of parental love: this is a fountain too pure to flow from your cold and selfish breasts. Talk not of responsibility:



go, look at the cross on Calvary; behold Him, the Son of God, with pierced hands and wounded side, the weight of *your* sins, the sins of your children, *breaking his heart*; and *then* tremble, ay, *sink* under the *responsibility* of training, not your children's persons to graceful motions, their minds to ostentatious learning, but of training the *spirit* for the *spirit's destiny*—the immortal soul for glory, for God. All training separate from that which recognizes the immortality—the immortality of blessedness in the kingdom of heaven, is training worse than lost upon all who receive it. It but sends the soul to destruction and misery.

## THE FIRST SPRING ROBIN.

BY MRS. S. E. FORMAN.

EARLY in the grayish dawning,  
When the brooding wing of night  
Folds away its dusky pinions  
For the morning's blushing light,  
Then to thy enchanting music  
Wake I early, blithesome bird;  
For a long, sad time it seemeth  
Since thy fairy tales were heard.  
Thou hast come from where the roses  
Throw their fragrant odors round,  
And the limpid wave is resting  
'Neath its foliated borders bound;  
Where the honey bud and violet  
Maketh sweet the plain and dale,  
And the zephyr from the hill-tops  
Fans the flowery-scented vale;  
Where the sun looks down in splendor,  
And his warm and busy feet  
Seeketh out the shady bowers  
Of the wild wood's cool retreat;  
There thou'st left thy mates, bright warbler,  
Fearless stemm'd the chilling cold,  
And from leafless, frosty branches  
Poureth forth the songs of old.  
O thou heraldest the summer,  
With its joyous minstrelsy;  
How that 'neath thy feet the budlings  
Soon will blossom on the tree.  
Yet within thy tuneful song-notes  
Blends the lays of other years,  
And around them mem'ries linger  
In the drapery of tears.  
Tidings of the past they bring me,  
And the friends of long ago—  
Some of whom are sweetly singing  
With the seraph-angels now.  
And at grayish twilight early,  
With thy lov'd returning strain,  
Seems to come the cheering promise,  
That in heaven we'll meet again.

## THE MOTHER'S JEWELS.

BY MRS. M. C. BOWMAN.

I HAVE a little darling  
That sleepeth near my heart,  
Whose beauty and whose sweetness  
Ten thousand joys impart.  
Love smileth on her features,  
And warbleth on her tongue,  
And guideth all her actions,  
So innocent and young.  
A joyous little creature,  
All full of mirth and glee;  
Now nestling on my bosom,  
Now dancing on my knee;  
More precious far than rubies,  
Or diadems of gold,  
Is she, my little darling,  
Who's scarcely one year old.  
I have a little daughter,  
Whose face is very fair,  
With eyes of heaven's azure,  
And soft and silky hair.  
Her tiny, dimpled fingers  
Are ever at their play,  
While her unceasing prattle  
Doth mimic all I say.  
She saith her little prayers  
Low bowing on my breast;  
And giveth all a sweet good-night  
Ere she repairs to rest.  
O grant, my blessed Savior,  
That her young heart and mind,  
In childhood's tender hours,  
Be heavenward inclined!  
I have another jewel,  
The brightest of the three—  
A precious hidden treasure,  
Which now I can not see.  
Far, far away in heaven  
This lovely gem doth shine;  
And though I can not see him,  
I know he yet is mine.  
And when life's woes are ended,  
And all my toil is done,  
Again I shall embrace him,  
My own, my cherub son.  
How oft our sore bereftments  
Are blessings in disguise!  
"God has prepared a mansion  
For us above the skies."  
And thus to bring us to him,  
In his unbounded love,  
Untwines the spirit's tendrils here,  
And fastens them above.

NATURE, in her productions slow, aspires,  
By just degrees, to reach perfection's hight.

## RICHARD WATSON IN THE PULPIT.

WE wish we could present to our readers a real sketch of a religious service conducted by this eminent minister. This, we feel, is prodigiously difficult. Twenty years have passed away since his voice has been heard in the Church below. A new generation has sprung up, who know him not, or only recollect him as children. Time and change unite to throw the past into a distance which is ever increasing. Impressions, perceptions, and opinions, existing vividly at the time, become less and less vivid; and the dead are often like the last cliffs of father-land to the voyager, as he passes away to another clime—for a while seen distinctly, then in the midst of haze, then as a speck, and then not at all. Let us, then, endeavor to recall Mr. Watson to those who knew him, and convey some idea of a religious service conducted by him, to those who never enjoyed this privilege. Let City Road Chapel be the scene—the occasion, a missionary sermon—and the text, “Be silent, O all flesh, before the Lord: for he is raised up out of his holy habitation.” The spacious chapel is full, long before the time announced for the commencement of the sermon. Many strangers are present, evidently of an intellectual cast; they have not much the appearance of Methodists, in dress and manner; the Hymn-Book is absent—that never-failing symbol of the Methodist, when in the house of God; the audience is still and thoughtful, but apparently anxious, as if eager to witness something in which they have a deep interest. At length the clock strikes six, and out of the side door leading to the pulpit a tall figure walks forth: his step is deliberate and easy; he throws no furtive glance around, but goes straight to his place of prayer and of prophesying, as if only thoughts of God and his message filled his mind; his countenance is serene, but somewhat flushed, and not devoid of anxiety; as he ascends the pulpit steps, every eye is fixed upon him; the home part of the congregation have smiles of delight depicted on their countenances, while the strangers look with intense curiosity, outstretched necks, and dilated eyes, to obtain a fair view—then whisper to one another—then fall back into their seats, as if saying, “Well, report is true.” This majestic figure prostrates himself in prayer when he has reached the pulpit, and is lost to the gaze of the congregation for some minutes. This does not seem unmeaning—a form—a shadow: he appears to be really engaged with God, to be penetrated with a sense of the responsibility of his position, and to be seeking Divine aid. This ended, the preacher stands up and presents himself fairly to his audience. No gown hides the symmetry of his person; his figure is fully seen. Thoughtfulness is impressed on every feature, but there is no agitation, no nervous contortion. The whole body is at ease; every limb moves naturally; grace is in every action; and there is not the shadow of affectation: surely this man understands his vocation, and is the master of his work. The Hymn-Book

is opened, and the worship proceeds. But what is this? We never understood these hymns before. They are living; they speak; they have meaning; they reveal things sacred; a fire, a spirit, a sincerity is in them; they are poetry; they strike our imagination; they come home to our faith; they thrill through our souls; they are like sunshine upon our affections; they enrapture and excite our devotions. Surely this is worship. The secret of this is seen. The soul of the preacher passes into the hymn, touches the sense, gives inspiration to the sentiment, impresses with emphasis the meaning of every syllable, and infuses its own feeling through the whole. The voice aids the effect: it is clear, full, deep, sonorous, finely modulated—its softer tones relieved by a deep bass.

The prayer begins—begins with great deliberation. Reverence is manifest, and this inspires reverence in the whole congregation. Not a movement is heard—all is still and motionless. Words are *few*, and slowly uttered, at first; but every word contains a thought; these thoughts accumulate in the exercise, and, as they increase, seem to expand the views and elevate the feelings—devotion gathers volume in the exercise. Gradually the world seems to be left behind; sensible things disappear; even the idea of the presence of the congregation is lost in the idea of the presence of God. Pleading is heard; the divine Majesty seems near; the blood of the covenant is appealed to, and the “Man at the right hand of God” sought. Confession of sin, deprecation of the divine wrath and anger, the blessings of grace, the joys of salvation, are themes of importunate supplication. Then passing on to the state of the world, the spread of the Gospel, the overthrow of idolatry and superstition, become the subjects of intercession of the prophet upon his knees before God. This is not eloquence—it is more than eloquence—it is compassion, it is love, it is faith. The preacher is subdued—the people are subdued—all hearts are stirred: the preacher looks different—the people look different: the serene air of mental power which sat upon the countenance of the one is gone; and the curiosity and sense of delight, a little while ago manifested by the others, are also gone. A new element has evidently entered the mind of both. Deep emotions have taken the place of pleasurable and tranquil feelings; something profoundly agitating is going on in the soul of the preacher, and the contagion has extended to the people. He is still calm and self-possessed—but look at that eye, see the quiver of those lips, listen to that voice. What is this? He has obtained a glimpse of Calvary, of the spiritual world, of eternity, and now his mental conceptions are fused with the new element of a living faith.

The sermon comes at length. The exordium is clear; the subject is opened; the basis of the discourse is plainly laid down; the divisions are announced, so that the audience may follow the preacher in his arguments and illustrations. “The Lord is raised up out of his holy habitation,” this

is the theme: "Be silent before him," this is the duty. The manner of the "rising up of the Lord" is discussed. A wide range is sketched; the operations of God in nations, in the Church, in the Christian field, are elucidated; the signs of this are given, and the proofs and evidence exhibited. He is now rising up; events indicate this; the world is in a transition state; all are looking for the coming of the Lord. Silence is observed, and this silence is the duty of all. The argument is clear but cumulative; thought follows thought; all appropriate; and the last always strengthening the one preceding. But there is more than thought. Genius begins to kindle; coruscation after coruscation flashes forth; figures, symbols—not in a series, not as an elaborate and prepared performance, but as jets of sparkling sentiment thrown, as diamonds, into the body of the sermon, which would have been complete without them; or as stars in the pure ether, which is yet perfect in its own wondrous simplicity. These beauties grow out of emotion—they are the effect of deep feeling; impassioned reason becomes poetic; and though the discourse began in prose, it ends in poetry. Reason retains her place all through, as the pathway of the soul in her progress: but the road is not the only object looked at; the heavens above and the earth beneath are all brought in to complete the picture. Pathos is intermingled with beauty and sublimity; and of all the peculiarities belonging to Mr. Watson pathos was the finest. It did not on this occasion, or on any other, manifest itself in tears—he never wept; it did not display itself in sighs, groans, or exclamations—he never vociferated; it did not show itself by any extravagant gesture or violent action—he never became the actor. No: it was simply a pathos of the heart—tender, delicate, deep; it mingled itself in his words, which became gentle as the dying breezes of evening; the fire became spent; the glow of genius subsided; the lofty flights of imagination ended; the orator ceased his entrancing fascinations; the heart seemed subdued into the affectionate palpitations of the child; he spoke of love, and felt all its tenderness.

In this sermon some peculiarities of manner were observable. The action was never great, and in the beginning rather slow and measured, but a perfect model of its kind. As the difficulties of a beginning, however, were cleared, and the depths reached, the right hand began to move; then it was stretched out, but never raised higher than the breast; it was never clinched, but the forefinger of a most delicate and beautiful hand stretched out, as in a pointing attitude. Only one deviation from this gesture was observable: when greatly excited, when profoundly feeling the weight of some great truth, before giving utterance to it, and as if pausing for a moment, to find for it a more perfect form, he thrust his right hand into his bosom, and then announced the thought in that peculiar posture. One other singularity may be noticed: when he had finished one of his most beautiful climaxes of

reasoning or fancy, he gave his head a majestic nod, with a sort of backward movement, as if he intended to signify to his hearers, that they were then, at that point, to consider the matter finished; and, moreover, this nod, it must be confessed, had somewhat of a defiant air about it, as if to intimate to the skeptic that he had no fear of his criticism. In this service there was that mixture of goodness and greatness which constitutes the perfection of such hallowed exercises. The devotional part was as exalted as the intellectual: a solemnity and a sweetness combined characterized the prayers; while the sermon conveyed to the mind the most exalted truths of the Gospel.

Silence followed. The congregation appeared profoundly moved. They seemed in no haste to go away. None smiled or exchanged greetings with each other. They retired with gravity; and, as they passed along, no one heard a word of criticism. The impression seemed too deep for garrulity; the doctrine of the discourse had passed from the imagination to the heart and conscience, and conscience is always more silent than fancy.—*London Methodist Quarterly Review.*

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#### WORK, WORK, WORK.

Work, work, work,  
From the first glimpse of light;  
Work, work, work,  
Till the stars are twinkling bright.  
Time is speeding fast away,  
Quickly night succeeds to day;  
Let us do the good we can.  
Honor to the working man!

Work, work, work,  
Work, in the lowly cot;  
Work, work, work,  
Thine is far the happier lot.  
Much of good may yet be done,  
Laurel-wreaths may yet be won;  
In the homestead, or the field,  
Labor will its tribute yield.

Work, work, work,  
There's much I know for me;  
Work, work, work,  
There's a task assign'd to thee.  
In the cottage, on the throne,  
All who work are really one;  
Building, for a future day,  
Good that can not pass away.

Work, work, work,  
In Zion or the world;  
Work, work, work,  
Till the crimson flag, unfurl'd,  
Shall wave o'er every land;  
Till we in Canaan stand;  
Let us do the good we can.  
Honor to the working man!

J. H. LEAKE.

## RELIGIOUS IDEAS THE BASIS OF EDUCATION.\*

BY REV. EDWARD THOMSON, D. D.

It is when the mind approaches the thought of Jehovah that it attains its highest elevation. This shows that it is not the mind that generates the thought, but the thought that stimulates the mind. And this is what might be expected. No attribute of God that is not awfully sublime; no object sublime but as it resembles God. Go over the elements of sublimity and see—height, depth, extent, antiquity, obscurity, power, etc. When we have a right apprehension of the Almighty, the universe becomes a Bethel, and every truth we learn a round of Jacob's ladder. We walk the earth dignified, hopeful, aspiring beings. Angels are around us, and we catch their inspiration. Examples might be multiplied. What production of Thomson's equal to his Hymn to the Seasons? He commences it with,

"These, almighty Father, these are but the varied God;"

and he ascends till he swells out the full voice of praise:

"Should fate command me to the farthest verge  
Of the green earth; to distant, barbarous climes—  
Rivers unknown to song;  
Where first the sun gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beams  
Flame o'er Atlantic isles; 'tis naught to me,  
Since God is ever present, ever felt  
In the void waste, as in the city full."

What production of Coleridge to be compared for sublimity to his Hymn before sunrise in the vale of Chamouny? How was he invigorated for the song!

"Entranced in prayer,  
I worshiped the invisible alone."

His inspiration increases as he advances, till he cries,

"God! let the torrents like a shout of nations  
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!  
God, sing ye meadow streams with glad some voice;  
Ye pine groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds;  
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,  
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!  
—Tell thou the silent sky,  
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,  
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God."

If we lay the map of the world before us, it will exhibit the same result as history. There is but one form of religion which recognizes no supreme God—Fetichism. Where it is found, animals, mountains, trees, and even vessels, weapons, and stones are the objects of worship. And where does this prevail? In Africa, that continent which would scarce be missed were it swallowed by the waves; and in its darkest part—the western, eastern, and southern portions—where the human mind is a vast Sahara, without an oasis, we find here no history, no letters, no alphabet; in many regions no agriculture, nor any arms or arts, but the rudest,

and scarce any commerce but in human flesh. We shudder as we view naked bodies, stupid minds, and passions ferocious as the serpents of the wilderness. We scarce know where, in the scale of being, to draw the line between the lower animals and him who was created in the Divine image. We find the same religion in Australia and among some of the savages of America; and here, too, the same degradation, and mental bondage, and sluggishness. Asia worships the true God, but has false conceptions of him. This is the land of dreamy intellect, of morbid sensibilities, of stationary civilizations. We see the conception of God variously modified in its different nations, and we mark, as we pass over them, a ripening of human mind in proportion to the approach to a right and perfect conception of the Almighty. Lowest in the scale, perhaps, we may place the Brahmins. They acknowledge a 'supreme God—Brahm—but they put him afar off, and ascribe creation, preservation, and destruction to inferior divinities. As might be expected, they overthrow his altars, neglect his temples, and leave him nothing but the name, while they give their chief adoration to the god Vishnu and his nine incarnations, of which Juggernaut is one. What is their intellectual state? So little has been their progress that the description given of them at the time of Alexander's conquest would answer for them now, notwithstanding the influence which they have recently received from civilized nations, and the frequent infusions of impulsive mind which they have enjoyed in the lapse of ages. True, there has been some progress downward, for the cruelty of the Juggernaut and of the Suttee are perhaps of comparatively recent introduction. Its gorgeous literature is of high antiquity; latterly its mind, like a doomed soil, has produced cockle instead of barley, and tares instead of wheat. Next comes Boodhism, which overspreads Farther India, the Chinese empire, and Japan. This is a reformation of Brahminism. While it recognizes an eternal First Cause, it represents him as reposing in profound slumber, from which he only now and then awakes to send down some perfected spirits, that they may make certain necessary alterations in the universe. Its milder rites, its purer thoughts, its more gorgeous worship indicate that the advance which it has made toward a just conception of the eternal One, has stimulated into better action the imagination, if not the other powers of the mind. The better class embrace the Pantheism of Confucius, which is the established religion of the Chinese empire, and which leads the mind to Him in whom "we live, and move, and have our being," though it does not sufficiently distinguish the absolute, original being from his outward manifestations; still it is an advance from Boodhism toward rational Theism, and the mind which receives it is the learned and ruling mind of the east. Throughout the vast region of which we have spoken, the conceptions of God are indistinct, and mingled with those of nature. The universe

\* Concluded from page 149.



does not present itself as under the constant care and control of an infinite mind, who regulates all things by wise and immutable laws. Hence, gloom and uncertainty pervade the nations. Moreover, the Deity is presented to the mind as, to a certain extent, *patient* as well as agent, and thus, to the same extent, the sense of human accountability is lost. The immortality of the soul is, for the most part, a mere resorption into the eternal One; hence, the aspirations of the heart are stifled. What, then, could be expected but fables, and superstitions, and painful apprehensions, and rigid mortifications, and a character, in general, timid, vain, pusillanimous, slavish? Passing by the Sintoism of Japan, and the Shamanism of Siberia—nations a little below those which we have just left, both in the ideas of God and their mental character—and also the Guebers of Persia, and of the western coast of India—the remains of the fire worshippers—we come to Nanekism—a mixture of Mohammedism with Brahminism—professed by the sheiks of India, who put forth an activity, energy, intrepidity, such as might be expected from the brighter beams of the godhead, which the infusion of Mohammedism secures. Crossing now the Belur, and looking over the table-land stretching westward, with the plains on each side and the desert beyond them, and carrying our eye forward, on the one side, into Europe, and, on the other, along the western border of the Mediterranean, we find the home of Mohammedism, a faith which, whatever may be said of its founder, or its falsehood, embraced and pressed upon mankind the eternal truth—there is but one God—a truth which Mohammed found in the Bible, and which he affected to teach in the same strain as it had been proclaimed by Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, and Christ, whose authority he never called in question. It was a truth which, though taught by an impostor, and mingled with fiction, infused into men a power of thought and feeling before which the nations, weakened by superstition and idolatry, were easily crushed. Looking over this region, whether we notice the brave, independent, adventurous, amorous, story-telling Afghan, or his hospitable, honest, but sometimes sanguinary neighbor of Beloochistan, or the manly, wandering, often predatory Tartar, or the vigorous, capricious, and cruel Turk, or the gay, deceitful, active, acquisitive, luxurious, scientific, poetic, polished Persian, or the brave child of Ishmael, fierce and fleet as his war-horse, fiery as the burning sands of his wilderness, and generous and patient as his faithful camel; we see, we feel that we have ascended in the gradation of mind since we entered western Asia; we observe a sprightliness, an activity, an anxiety, a freedom that indicates a greater sense of the dignity and responsibility of man. Proceeding into Europe, the light of civilization and Christianity increases as we advance, till it shines in meridian splendor; and the brightness is in proportion to the power and purity with which the idea of God is appre-

hended. In the south of Europe men see God, to a great extent, through images, and hear him through saints, and commune with him through priests. The mind is fanciful, fickle, passionate; in the north it is thinking, independent, vigorous, resolute, having deep and abiding feeling, and a fancy subjected to reason. Let us compare two extreme points, Spain and England. Spain—a land of green slopes and crystal streams, of gentle winters and refreshing summers, of silks and olives, of oranges and lemons; yet a land once crimsoned with the Inquisition, and now burdened with monks and nuns, friars and hermits, brutality and bull-fights. What is the mode of her intellect? Pensive, gloomy, indolent. Though above that which we have hitherto been contemplating, yet it is far below what it should be. The nation without canals, railroads, steamboats, telegraphs, and with scarce a light-house on her coast, demonstrates this proposition. Let us not be told that all this is because her rivers are not navigable and her mountain barriers scarce passable; for, during two hundred years, Spain was the mightiest power in Europe.

Let us now turn to England, where man is taught to look through nature up to God; where he is emboldened by his Protestant Bible, handling faith, to enter into direct audience with the Almighty—the land emphatically of Bibles and Bridgewater treatises. England—there she sits, queen of the seas, gathering jewels for her crown from every shore, and floating her flag around the world in the beams of a ceaseless morning. There is no grand conception centering in Olympus which she does not realize. Like Juno, she fertilizes the earth beneath her furrow; like Vesta, she gathers all nations to her hearth-stone; like Vulcan, she presides over the forges; like Neptune, she rules the seas; like Apollo, she leads the muses; like Minerva, she aways the understanding; like Mercury, she is the patron of trade and the messenger of heaven to the ends of the earth; like Jupiter, she is concerned in the affairs of all mankind. These conceptions are not merely realized but exceeded; for what is Neptune to the steamship, Minerva to the press, Hercules to gunpowder, or Mercury to the telegraph? What England is, so is her first-born daughter—North America—which exhibits the same superiority over southern America that her mother does over Spain and Italy. Let it not be said that these differences are owing to race. Lead the degraded negro up to the sight of the one living and true God, and his soul kindles with celestial fire; his mind pants for development, and soon his tongue pours forth a melody and an eloquence to which his native heathen valley is a stranger. So let the Caucasian embrace Paganism, as he has in the valley of the Indus, and he sinks into inaction. Nor can climate account for the difference; for in every clime, from Patagonia to Greenland, from Australia to the Doftafeld Mountains, the Rose of Sharon has bloomed with an equal beauty and an equal fragrance. Nor can forms of government account for

it; for the Albigenses, and Waldenses, and Huguenots, under the most cruel and oppressive despotism, no less than the pilgrims on Plymouth rock, by simple faith in God became great, and firm, and glorious. Nor are all these causes together sufficient to account for it. Go from Protestant Ulster to a Catholic county in Ireland, or from a Protestant to a Catholic canton in Switzerland—climate, race, language, and government being the same—and you pass as from the dark ages to the middle of the nineteenth century.

To all this it may be replied that mind in Protestant countries has become materialized; that attention has been turned away from the inward to the outward world; that physical science has taken the place of mental and moral; that the whole subject and sphere of thought is outside of human nature. But is not the cultivation of nature an appointed duty of man? Are not a nation's useful and ornamental arts the signs of its intellectual energies and the tokens of its progress? Mind was made to act on matter: matter is the ordained mold of its conceptions. As God expresses his mind in the forms of the visible universe, so must man. The air, the marble, the gold, the canvas—all nature stands ready to receive the impress of his thoughts, and thereby become more useful and beautiful. Steam-engines, telegraphs, temples, gardens, monuments, are but the embodiments of the soul's reflections. Has the progress of science diminished the moral excellence of men, or the increase of activity brought on a decrease of creative genius? Are not men wiser as well as stronger? more beneficent as well as more capable? more conscious of human dignity as well as of human dominion?

Thus we have shown that a nation's idea of God denotes its position in the scale of intelligence; and that it gives the type to an individual's and a nation's mental character. This grand idea rules the world of mind. When it is apprehended in all its power and perfection, it turns men gradually into angels, and it holds angels in heaven. Be not surprised at this declaration. Simplicity of causes reconciled with multiplicity of effects is the great secret of the Creator. The same principle that holds the sun in its orbit bows the dew-laden cup of the lowliest flower. The same principle that holds the seas in their channels, holds the blood in the insect's veins.

Some may regard my theme as uninteresting. Not so would Aristotle, Plato, Socrates; not so would Verulanus; not so, I trust, do your readers. Never think so meanly of your souls as to deny them the privilege of dwelling upon the greatest conceivable theme; of feeling the great motive which secures obedience to the eternal laws. He who created all things by the breath of his mouth, and sustains them by the word of his power, should be in all our thoughts. What would heaven think should it be told that there is a periodical on earth which does not write of God? It would point to it as a doomed book. What would an angel think

if he were invited to earth, and allowed any theme but God? He would tell you that this is his only theme—the theme which raises his wings, and swells his heart, and tunes his harp, and fills his everlasting song—the theme all over his native hills of light and glory—the fountain of its eternal Niagara of praise, that is like the voice of many waters and mighty thunderings; and if it did not suit you he would spread his wings and leave you.

Reader, if my views be correct, you may easily know when you have a just idea of the Creator. Ask, does it live? does it send throbbing pulses through the breast? does it quicken intellect, bind passion, strengthen will, string nerves? does it bring up from the heart, each day, a deeper "*gloria in excelsis*," and plant, each night, a new Ebenezer?

Atheism is stagnation. True, in our own days it boasts of an anti-theological science; and it trumpets this forth in such a way as to show that it never pretended to science before; that the world does not expect science of it now; that it is and always has been regarded as incapable of producing any thing but negations.

There is a Pantheism prevailing. It speaks reverently and poetically, and often piously, of God; but, then, it says there is as much of God in a chair as there is on the throne of heaven. What is the effect of such a view? If God is matter and matter is God, then, surely, we may add, with Pascal, "It is no matter whether there is any God at all." There is another form of it which treats that God is the issue of the human soul; that he is a mere process, and that process identical with the evolution of human ideas. What death to thought, to aspiration, is such a doctrine? Under its influence how would a man preach? As a policeman walks his beat or a merchant fulfills his bargain. Never could he raise to their feet an audience of French nobility, as did Massillon; or spread a flame of holiness over two hemispheres, as did Wesley; or excite a people to cry out, "Let the sun cease to shine, but let not the lips of Chrysostom be sealed." Let such a man be placed in the battle-field; how quickly would he run before a host, such as Cromwell told to "trust in God and keep their powder dry," and whom he led out to conflict singing hymns of praise! I would exchange that stupefying Pantheism for any god in the calendar of the olden Paganism. Better, far, have Jupiter, with his thunderbolt, or Neptune, with his trident, or Minerva, with her shield and Pyrrhic dance. What view does such a philosophy give us of human dignity? As it reduces God to a notion, so it reduces man to an atom. He is merely a beast standing on his hind legs, and the beast is but a bird with his wings turned into fore legs, and the bird is but a fish, with his fins stretched out, and his scales turned into feathers, and the fish but an expanded molusk, and the molusk but an inflated atom. Behold, then, the original Adam of the modern philosopher! What idea of education does it suggest? The experience of the world teaches

that the way to improve man is to bring him in contact with superiors: thus, a nation becomes civilized by colonies; a youth becomes learned by means of his master; a man becomes a saint by the power of the Holy Ghost; the saint matures into an angel by beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord. This philosophy would reverse the process: it says, develop yourself, solicit intellect, strengthen will, call out emotion. Alas! we have tried this long enough to know that "out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications," etc.

Seeing that we must have a correct idea of the Almighty, how important is the mirror of his word, in which alone we see him a distinct, personal, intelligent, infinite, holy, and eternal Being, whose glory the heavens declare, and whose name "the mountains and the valleys bless"—the King eternal, immortal, invisible, dwelling in light inaccessible. It guards the idea of God from perversion by forbidding any material representation of it. It guards the Divine unity; it guards the Divine independence both of fate and of nature. It exhibits God as before all things, as existing beyond the limits of the universe; and though every-where present, not so present but that heaven is his abode, nor so present as he is to saints and angels. And though, as the poet has truly and beautifully told us,

"He warms in each beam, refreshes in each breeze,  
Glow in the stars, blossoms in the trees,  
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,  
Spreads undivided, operates unspent,"

yet he is himself neither light, nor darkness, nor blossom, nor breeze, nor matter, nor life, but in all, and over all, God blessed forever. It presents him in the most endearing relations as the Father of mercies and of men, and it alone invites us to reconciliation, and communion, and fellowship with him. May you, reader, always breathe in this deep universe, filled to overflowing with God, without ever having a doubt of his being! Remember the words of Lord Bacon: "I would rather believe all the fables in the Legend, and the Talmud, and the Koran, than believe that this universal frame is without mind." May the image of God, beheld in the face of Jesus Christ, grow more distinct and glorious in your minds, day by day, so as to afford you a solid rest amid all vicissitudes; a constant joy in all your sorrows; a height, and depth, and length, and breadth, both to your feelings and your philosophy; and an eternal stimulus to your undying energies! With this view I commend to you the holy oracles. They are worthy to be studied for their history, their poetry, their philosophy, their precepts, and their moral paintings; for who has ever reached the stern majesty of Hebrew prophets, or the transparent beauty of Christian evangelists?—but chiefly do I commend them because they, they only, can anchor your souls to the solid rock of a true theology.

## JOHN LEDYARD.

BY REV. T. M. EDDY.

In the year of grace 1770, a strange-looking craft, dug out of the trunk of one of the noble trees which once stood on the banks of the Connecticut river, near Dartmouth, was equipped for a voyage. Its furniture was as unique as its appearance. An exact inventory gave the following: first, a huge bearskin, "a couch by night, by day a cloak;" next was the library, consisting of Ovid and the Greek Testament; and, "thirdly," a stock of provisions obtained ingeniously. All things ready, a youth of nineteen years, who had won a dubious renown in those classic shades, stepped on board, and pushed off. It was the latter part of April, or first of May, and the river was swollen by the melting of the snow on the mountains; consequently, little rowing was needed; hence the oars were seldom used; but the vessel floated quietly on, while the young traveler resigned himself to the Metamorphoses or the Epistles. While completely lost in Ovid, the "craft" neared Bellows' Falls, and he was startled from his dream by the angry plunging of the roaring waters. Straining every nerve, he escaped going over, and succeeded in reaching the shore. The good people, astonished at such a novel mode of going down stream—for it was ahead of ordinary Connecticut cuteness—treated the adventurer kindly, and hauled his canoe around the falls, and once more set him and it adrift. One hundred and forty miles were thus navigated. One bright morning about sunrise, Mr. Seymour, of Hartford, was standing, with his sons, on the bank of the small river which runs through that city, and was surprised to see, slowly ascending the stream, the *outré* bark, with some dark object seated in the stern; suddenly it came to, the *dark object* arose, threw off the shaggy cloak, sprang ashore, and JOHN LEDYARD stood before his astonished uncle, who had supposed him to be at Dartmouth, quietly, laboriously, and without carnal ambition, pursuing the studies meet to fit him for missionary work among—as a learned barrister called them—the "Red Abergoinies of the country." This trip changed the young man's destiny, and sent him, not to the "Six Nations," but a wanderer over the world.

True, he subsequently gave "earnest heed" to the study of divinity, but he could never induce the conscript fathers of New England orthodoxy to grant him license, nor any needy parish to give him a call. The upshot was, he gave up divinity, and went as common sailor on a ship which carried him to Gibraltar, where he saw a military parade, and enlisted as a private soldier. Thus a great traveler was nearly lost in a scarlet coat. The Major, however, released him at the request of the ship-captain, and in a year he was again in New London. He had gained no wealth—had no "means." Unwilling to quarter on friends or to merge the born

rover into "a quiet man about town," he decided to visit England, find some wealthy relations of his father, and, through their patronage, embark in some adventure which would yield both wealth and "honest fame." He worked his way as a common sailor to Plymouth, England. There he found a son of the Emerald Isle whose pecuniary affairs and expectations were similar to his own. Together they made their way to London on foot. They begged by turns, and slept as they could. In London a glimpse of the family name on a carriage revealed his kindred. He made them a call, and informed them that he was a "cousin from America." The reception he met was chilling as a London fog, and he left them, determining never to apply to them again.

At this juncture Captain Cook was preparing for his third and last voyage around the world. Ledyard was fired with a desire to accompany him; enlisted in the British marine service, and obtained an interview with the Captain. His ready, off-hand manner, fine frame, and good common sense so won upon Cook that he employed him, and promoted him to be corporal of marine. He performed the whole voyage; and although his private journal was given up to the British Government, and never restored, he subsequently published at Hartford a duodecimo, giving an interesting narrative of the expedition. Did our limits admit, we would insert his account of the death of his commander. He was one of the party on shore at the time, and was near him when he received the fatal thrust.

After the return of the expedition he continued in the British naval service, with what rank we know not. He refused to go with any of the expeditions against America, assigning as a reason that he would not bear arms against his country.

In 1782 he returned to the United States, where he took lodgings with his mother at Southold. In Hartford he was welcomed and kindly domiciled by an uncle and former guardian. The following from one of his letters shows the nature of this singular man: "You will be surprised to hear of my being in Hartford. I made my escape from the British at Huntington Bay. I am at Mr. Seymour's, and as happy as need be. I have a little cash, two coats, three waistcoats, six pairs of stockings, and half a dozen ruffled shirts. I am a violent Whig and a violent Tory. I eat and drink where I am asked, visit where I am invited, and generally do as I am bid. All I want of my friends is friendship; possessed of that, I am happy." A few months of this life, and he grew restless. The idea of a voyage to the North Pacific seized upon him, and became his one idea. He read, and wrote, and planned, but insuperable difficulties intervened. He went to New York, but found no Grinnell there; but he did find rude rebuffs and pinching poverty. He repaired to Philadelphia, where he found Robert Morris, of princely spirit, who at once entered heartily into his plans, and engaged to furnish a ship and funds for the voyage. Un-

expected difficulties arose, and the project was abandoned by Mr. Morris, who thus lost an opportunity of securing the immense wealth subsequently acquired by others in trade with the North-West coast. Ledyard was the first in Europe or America to suggest the scheme of that trade, and to show the revenue it would yield.

Ledyard determined to try his fortune abroad, and with a purse replenished by his kind friend Morris, and letters of introduction to eminent European merchants, he departed, and directed his course to Cadiz. After a month of social enjoyment, but bootless effort, he departed to Brest and L'Orient. At the latter place the merchants encouraged the plan, and a fineship of four hundred tons burden was actually provided, when some difficulty arose with the meddlesome and jealous government. The scheme was abandoned, and Ledyard was again bitterly disappointed. Entirely penniless, he made his way to Paris, where he met the patriot-sage, Thomas Jefferson, then Minister at the Court of France. Mr. Jefferson entered with much sympathy into the plans and feelings of his romantic countryman, and relieved his immediate necessities. Here, too, he met the redoubtable naval hero, John Paul Jones. The brave Captain was charmed with Ledyard's plan, and a joint trip was concerted; fortune seemed again to smile, when, like the L'Orient scheme, it was abandoned from some misapprehensions of government aid. He now remained in Paris a mere wanderer. His necessities were supplied by Jones, Marquis de Lafayette, and Mr. Short, the American Secretary of Legation.

He then abandoned all hope of a ship voyage to the North-West coast. What does the reader suppose he did? Give up the enterprise? Not so. Yankee determination can not be thus balked. He decided at once that he would go; that he would travel by land through the northern regions of Europe and Asia, cross over Bhering's Straits to the American continent, and thence down the coast and to the interior, in such manner as circumstances indicated.

Mr. Jefferson approved his design, and applied to the Czarina for permission for the sanguine adventurer to pass through her dominions in the character of an American citizen. Five months did he remain in Paris awaiting an answer, and then accepted an invitation to repair to England and embark in a ship bound for the Pacific, which was to land him at any point on the North-West coast he should elect. In six days he was in London. Now his long-cherished design should be accomplished. His plan was to land at Nootka Sound, press boldly into the interior, and *guess* and *calculate* his way to Virginia. He embarked with the scanty outfit of two dogs, an Indian pipe, and a hatchet. But the vessel was not out of sight of land, when the Government sent an order to put back into port, and the enterprise was discontinued.



Ledyard immediately determined to *go east from London, and make the tour of the globe on foot*. Some noble gentlemen in London subscribed a small sum for his *viaticum*, and he started for Hamburg. Here he heard of an American major whom he wished to engage as a fellow-traveler, but who was in pecuniary difficulty. Ledyard turned from his direct course; endured a fearful journey in winter through Sweden and Finland to the Danish capital; found the major, who accepted his money, but declined to go with him. Ledyard gave him a draft on a friend for ten pounds, and went on his way. The historian\* says "he set out for *Tornea* alone, without friends, on a road almost unfrequented at that season, with a certainty that he must travel northward six hundred miles before he could turn his steps toward a milder climate, and then six or seven hundred miles more in descending to St. Petersburg on the other side of the Gulf of Bothnia." With his love of adventure, he deserted the ordinary route, and passed through the most unfrequented portions of Finland. And yet in seven weeks he was in St. Petersburg, making an average travel of two hundred miles per week! In the city of the Czars he formed an acquaintance with many learned men, of whom Professor Pollas and Count de Ségur were his chief patrons. After waiting three months, he obtained imperial permission to proceed through Siberia. In company with a Scotch physician, who was journeying on business for her imperial Majesty, he started, and they were companions for more than three thousand miles. They passed through Moscow, Kazan, and Tobolsk; and Ledyard remained a week at Barnaul, the capital of Kolyvan, the terminus of the doctor's tour. Thence he proceeded to Irkutsk, and from thence floated down the Lena, fourteen hundred miles, to Jakutsk. Many interesting incidents we pass by, as we have recently sketched the journey of Lieutenant Von Wrangell through those regions and down that magnificent river. It was his wish to press on immediately to Okotsk; but the Russian commandant declared any ulterior movement impossible, and compelled him to pause. The disappointment this caused him may be imagined by reading the following extract from his journal: "I am miserably prepared for this long delay. By remaining here through the winter I will be compelled to wait till May—a period of eight months. My funds! I have but two long frozen stages more, and then I shall be beyond the want or aid of money, till, emerging from the deep deserts, I gain the American Atlantic states; and then thy glowing climates, Africa, explored, I will lay me down, and claim my little portion of the globe I have viewed. May it not be before! . . . The meager demon, Poverty, has traveled with me, hand in hand, over half the globe, and witnessed what—the tale I will not unfold." It seems that the Imperial

Court, dreading a single American traveler, afraid of the open eye of observation, had sent before him instructions for his detention. While in that dismal abode he wrote his incomparable eulogy on *woman*. Often as it has been printed we must again pass it through the press: "I have observed among all nations that women ornament themselves more than the men; that, wherever found, they are the same kind, civil, obliging, humane, tender beings; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest. They do not hesitate, like man, to perform a hospitable or generous action; not haughty, nor arrogant, nor supercilious, but full of courtesy and fond of society; industrious, economical, ingenuous; more liable, in general, to err than man, but, in general, also more virtuous, and performing more good actions than he. I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship to a woman, whether civilized or savage, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has often been otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide-spread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, woman has ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue, so worthy the appellation of benevolence, these actions have been performed in so free and kind a manner, that, if dry, I drank the sweetest draught, and, if hungry, ate the coarse morsel with a double relish." How simple, unstudied, and *heart-felt* is this noble tribute to woman's worth!

While here he unexpectedly met one of his comrades when sailing with Captain Cook—Captain Billings—who had also been exploring. Their surprise at meeting in Siberia was mutual. Billings persuaded Ledyard to go with him to Irkutsk. They drove up the Lena in sledges on the ice, and traveled fifteen hundred miles in seventeen days! Ere a month he was arrested as a French spy, by absolute order of the Czarina; placed in a kibitka, attended by two guards, driven through the country with furious speed to Moscow, and thence to the frontiers of Poland, where he was set at liberty by his ferocious guides, and told to go where he pleased, but if found in her Majesty's dominions he should be hanged! His treatment was cruel and shameful. He was dragged far from his chosen route. But still his great soul swelled boldly out: "I may pursue another route. The rest of the world lies uninterdicted." Catherine afterward told Count Ségur that she acted thus "because she could not render herself guilty of the death of this courageous American, by furthering a journey so fraught with danger as that he proposed to take *alone*, across the unknown and savage regions of North-Western America." Precious humanity! We suspect Ledyard would have preferred the savage attentions of North-West American tribes to the tender mercies of the Empress. He made his

\* Jared Sparks.

way to Königsberg, destitute, and his health broken down by the rapid "transportation" and barbarous treatment received at the hands of her Majesty's health-officers. There he was able to dispose of a draft for five guineas, with which he managed to reach London, in his own words, "disappointed, ragged, penniless, but with a whole heart."

Scarcely had he chosen lodgings when Sir Joseph Banks waited upon him, and proposed, in behalf of the African Association, an expedition to the interior of that mystery-enshrouded continent. He had always intended to explore its "glowing climes," and promptly assented. Sir Joseph gave him a note of introduction to Mr. Bufoy, Secretary of the Association, and Ledyard obtained an immediate interview. In his official report the Secretary says, "Before I had learned from the note the name and business of my visitor, I was struck with the manliness of his person, the breadth of his chest, the openness of his countenance, and the inquietude of his eye." He was shown the route chosen by the Association—from London to Paris, thence to Marseilles, across the Mediterranean to Egypt, from Alexandria to Grand Cairo, from Cairo to Sennaar; from that point he was to travel westward *alone* for three hundred leagues, in "the attempt to cut the continent across between parallels twelve and twenty north latitude." He comprehended the whole route, and settled his plan in a moment, and said, "I will go." "When will you set out?" said the Secretary. "To-morrow morning," was the reply. The answer was characteristic of John Ledyard. He did not realize that he was hastening to meet his death. He hurried to Paris, where he spent several days, enjoying the company of tried friends, Jefferson and Lafayette. Impelled onward by his impatient spirit, in a month he was in Alexandria, and in less than another week in Grand Cairo. This he regarded as his real starting-point. "His observations upon matters and things in Egypt strongly develop the native shrewdness of his mind." He repeatedly visited the slave-market to learn all he could of the geography, climate, and inhabitants of his proposed route. The poor slaves, mostly young women, assured him he would be kindly received in their country.

In Cairo he was detained three months, awaiting the departure of the caravan to Sennaar. We give the close of his eventful career in the words of Mr. Sparks:

"All things were at last ready for his departure, and his next communication might be expected from Sennaar. The Aga had given him letters of recommendation, his passage was engaged, the terms settled, the day fixed on which the caravan was to leave Cairo. He wrote in good spirits and apparent health, and the confidence of the Association had never been more firm, nor their hopes more sanguine than at this juncture. Their extreme disappointment may well be imagined, therefore, when the next letters from Egypt brought the

melancholy intelligence of his death. During his residence in Cairo, his pursuits had made it necessary for him to be often exposed to the heat of the sun and to other deleterious influences of the climate, at the most unfavorable season of the year. The consequence was an attack of bilious complaint, which he thought to remove by the common remedy of vitriolic acid. The quantity taken was so great as to produce violent and burning pains, that threatened to prove fatal unless immediate relief could be procured. This was attempted by a powerful dose of tartar emetic. But all was in vain. The best medical skill in Cairo was called to his aid without effect, and he closed his life of vicissitude and toil, at the moment when he imagined his severest cares were over, and the prospects before him more flattering than they had been at any former period. He was decently interred, and all suitable respect was paid to his obsequies by such friends as he had found among the European residents of Cairo. The precise day of his death is not known, but the event is supposed to have happened toward the end of November, 1788. He was then in the thirty-eighth year of his age."

Ledyard always kept a *whole heart*. "I have known," said he, "what it is to have food given me as charity to a madman; and I have at times been obliged to shelter myself under the miseries of that character to avoid a heavier calamity. *My distresses have been greater than I have ever owned or ever will own to any man.*"

We love Ledyard for his warm American feeling. He never forgot his native land, and never did he adopt another mother. In all his wanderings his heart ever turned yearningly toward HOME—his native land! He longed to return to the society of his mother and sisters, and says, "I long to strew roses in their laps and branches of palms beneath their feet."

Ledyard never became a misanthrope. He had faith in human nature. Surely he had as many rough places to cross as most men, yet he kept his spirit sweet, and says, "Upon the whole, mankind have used me well. I have always thought urbanity more general than many think it to be." His fine tribute to woman's worth has been given.

With one more quotation—taken from a letter to his mother, written when about embarking for Egypt—we close this sketch. Perhaps it will show whence came his strength of purpose, his equanimity of soul:

"Truly it is written that the ways of God are past finding out, and his decrees unsearchable. Is the Lord thus great? So also is he good. I am an instance of it. I have trampled the world under my feet, laughed at fear, and derided danger. Through millions of fierce savages, over parching deserts, the freezing north, the everlasting ice, and stormy seas, I have passed without harm. How good is my God! What rich subjects have I for praise, love, and adoration!"

## EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

### Scripture Cabinet.

**THE STING OF DEATH.**—In a biographical notice, giving an account of the last days of a good man, who was distinguished for his serene and lofty faith, he is reported as saying, "I appear to suffer, but I do not. It seems as if some angel were standing by me, bearing all the pain, and this poor body of mine only exhibiting the outward signs of it."

A striking instance of the same kind occurred not long since within our own knowledge. A lady of exalted piety was suffering from protracted and fatal sickness, and at certain intervals there came spasms and convulsions, giving externally all the symptoms of intolerable agony. Once, when these spasms were evidently coming on, and her friends were bending over with anxious face, she looked up with a sweet and tranquil smile, and said, "Do not be troubled about me. You think I suffer extremely, but I do not. I know not how it is, but somehow when these convulsions come, there comes with them a sense of the Divine presence, an inward power that takes upon itself the burden of my sufferings; and these spasms are only an appearance."

It is a most beautiful and beneficent law, that when the mind is exalted with great conceptions, or filled with an all-absorbing love, the body becomes less sensible to its infirmities and sufferings, and sometimes forgets them altogether. Even our natural affections and passions have power, though in a limited degree, of suspending our bodily sensation. A mother who a little while ago was pale and drooping under the smallest burden, is by and by seen hanging over the bed of her stricken child; and how changed from what she was! Her countenance that was so pale now beams with life, and the arm that hung down is nerved with energy. The astronomer in his starry contemplations becomes free of the body, and cold, hunger, and fatigue are alike forgotten. But religious faith, when warm and clear, and its eye open wide on immortality, elevates and changes all our affections, and then it reacts upon the whole frame, and sends the tranquilizing influence along all its nerves. It was this that made the martyrs almost insensible to suffering, and they rose to God out of the fires while singing triumphal hymns. And the idea is suggested to us that the facts here cited may range themselves under a benignant and all-circling law, whose operations we experience as yet most imperfectly, and that when our mere belief and make-belief shall change into full refulgent faith, it shall destroy the sting of death, not merely by giving us patience to bear the burden of its sufferings, but by rolling off that burden from humanity. For the soul cleansed and inhabited by God, and constantly borne out of itself toward the objects it adores and loves, frees us from the more painful condition of mortality, and enables us every day to put on incorruption.

**THE FATAL FLOWER.**—Travelers who visit the Falls

of Niagara are directed to a spot on the margin of the precipice, over the boiling current below, where a gay young lady a few years since lost her life. She was delighted with the wonders of the unrivaled scene, and ambitious to pluck a flower from a cliff where no human hand had before ventured, as a memorial of the cataract and her own daring. She leaned over the verge, and caught a glimpse of the surging waters far down the battlement of rocks, while fear for a moment darkened her excited mind. But there hung the lovely blossom upon which her heart was fixed; and she leaned, in a delirium of intense desire and anticipation, over the brink. Her arm was outstretched to grasp the beautiful form which charmed her fancy; the turf yielded to the pressure of her light feet, and, with a shriek, she descended like a falling star to the rocky shore, and was borne away gasping in death.

How impressively does this tragical event illustrate the way in which a majority of impenitent sinners perish forever! It is not a deliberate purpose to neglect salvation; but in pursuit of imaginary good, fascinated with pleasing objects just in the future, they lightly, ambitiously, and insanely venture *too far*.

They sometimes fear the result of desired wealth or pleasure; they sometimes hear the thunder of eternity's deep, and recoil a moment from the allurements of sin; but the solemn pause is brief, the onward step is taken, the fancied treasure is in the grasp, when a despairing cry comes up from Jordan's wave, and the soul sinks into the arms of the *second death*. O, every hour life's sands are sliding from beneath incautious feet, and with sin's fatal flower in the *unconscious* hand the trifer goes to his doom!

The requiem of such a departure is an echo of the Savior's question, "What shall a man give in *exchange* for his soul?"

**THE INDWELLING HELPER.**—'Tis a sore thing to think of seeking heaven alone. No trembling-hearted sailor ever went over such unknown, perilous seas; no weak and weary wayfarer ever trod so rough, and tangled, and danger-compassed a way as lies between the pilgrim and heaven. The wilderness whose long reach of distance and danger separated the ever-hoping yet ever-baffled Israelites from Canaan, was but a type of the long, trackless desert that stretches from the traveler's feet in the direction of the promised land above. There is no track upon its surface to direct his steps; no pillar cloud and fire *now* to go before him when he journeys, and guard him when he rests. There are dark valleys down which he must go, and water-floods that he must cross, and dreary passes where deadly foes are lurking for him. He carries on his shoulder the heavy cross. Trials like chilling damps and scorching flames, temptations like deadly miasma, demon enemies of fearful power and sleepless wariness, await him. The clinging love of self and sin

is to be torn off and cast away. Once fondly, madly cherished habits are to be trampled under foot. Resistful influences of earth and hell are to be wrestled with and forced down. Burdens that press almost to the ground are to be meekly borne. Reproach when its scalding flood runs over the shrinking heart; disappointment whose inward agony the compressed and bloodless lip of silence alone betokens; bereavement in whose unutterable anguish the spirit has tasted the bitterness of death, are to be endured. And to meet them the spirit goes alone. No fellow-traveler can lift its load away and carry it himself. No other foot can clamber for it up the sharp steep; can in its place fight for a foothold in the sweeping billows. "The heart knoweth *its own* bitterness." Did I say *alone*? Sore thought that would be to the soldier of this warfare, the traveler of this way. No, not alone! never alone! A God above whose eye doth "neither slumber nor sleep," a God within, watcher, helper, comforter of the else helpless soul, is its inseparable companion. Never alone!

Do you ask what need there is for this indwelling God? Every trial's crackling flame and whirling flood gives answer. 'Tis written on intricate paths of darkness, where no light shines on the agonized foot-step of fear. Duties of momentous character, that require at once wisdom, and courage, and fearless fidelity, assert it. Its moan and prayer hover in the dim room of sickness and above the dead. What need of such a helper? The night-long cry of some lone spirit keeping its aching, anxious vigil with the eternal Savior for its imperiled sufferer; the sharp ring of the conflict between some mortal spirit and the powers of darkness; the piercing prayer with which it enters shivering the cold waters of death—are the witnesses what need the pilgrim-heart has of the Holy Ghost. Does it not need help in the strife where weakness is opposed to strength; sustaining grace when it staggers and reels down beneath its load; light rising in its darkness; some arm of strength to keep its hope close to the cross when myriad hands are leagued to drag it away; some invincible power to keep its confidence unshaken as a rock when anxiety, and suspense, and evil-tidings beat against it like billows; and through all, ever-increasing likeness to the First Born, and by these very trials swifter advance to heaven? Who can effect such things for it but *God the Holy Ghost* dwelling in it? Exultant thought! He does dwell in the pilgrim! Are you Christ's? He dwells in you! Your victory thus far, your hope yet clinging, clinging with closer clasp to the Redeemer, your life in death, prove it. If the love that gave him knows how to change, if the power of his eternal Godhead can be overcome, then let the feeble believer dread lest he lose him, or lest his indwelling in him be of no avail.

EVERY ONE SHALL BE SALTED WITH FIRE.—"*For every one shall be salted with fire, and every sacrifice shall be salted with salt.*"—Mark ix, 49.

*Every one shall be salted with fire.*—Perhaps no passage in the New Testament has given more perplexity to commentators than this; and it may be impossible now to fix its precise meaning. The common meaning affixed to it has been, that as salt preserves from putrefaction, so fire, applied to the wicked in hell,

shall have the property of preserving them in existence, or they shall be preserved amidst the sprinkling of fire, to be continually in their sufferings, a sacrifice to the justice of God. But this meaning is not quite satisfactory. Another opinion has been, that as salt is sprinkled upon the victim preparatory to its being offered to God—see Lev. ii, 13—so should the *apostle*, by trials, calamities, etc., represented here by *fire*, be prepared as a sacrifice and offering to God. Probably the passage has no reference at all to future punishment; and the difficulty of interpreting it has arisen from supposing it connected with the forty-eighth verse, or given as a *reason* for what is said in *that* verse, rather than considering it as designed to illustrate the *general design* of the passage. The main scope of the passage was not to discourse of future punishment: that is brought in incidentally. The chief object of the passage was—1st. To teach them that *other* men, not *with them*, might be true Christians—verses 38, 39. 2d. That they should be disposed to look favorably upon the slightest evidence that they *might be*—verse 41. 3d. That they ought to avoid giving *offense* to such feeble and obscure Christians—verse 42. 4th. That *every thing* calculated to give offense, or to dishonor religion, should be removed—verse 43. And 5th. That every thing which would endanger their salvation should be sacrificed; that they should *deny* themselves and practice all self-denials, in order to obtain eternal life. In this way they would be *preserved* to eternal life. The word "*fire*," here, therefore, denotes self-denials, sacrifices, trials, in keeping ourselves from the gratification of the flesh. As if he had said, "Look at the sacrifice on the altar. It is an offering of God, about to be presented to him. It is sprinkled with *salt*, emblematic of PURITY, of PRESERVATION, and of fitting it, therefore, for a sacrifice. So you are devoted to God. You are sacrifices, victims, offerings to him in his service. To make you *acceptable* offerings, every thing must be done to *preserve* you from sin, to *purify* you, and to make you fit offerings. Self-denials, subduing lusts, enduring trials, removing offenses, are the proper *preservatives* in the service of God. Doing this, you will be acceptable offerings, and be saved; without this, you will be *unfit* for his eternal service, and will be lost."

FOR WHAT ARE YOU STRIVING?—With what amazing, restless energy rolls the heaving tide of living men! There is no ebb and flow like the ocean, but all is onward like the river—onward—forever onward—dashes this more than living Niagara. You are striving for the foremost rank. Let me speak to you just in the eddy of this moment. Let me ask you for what you are striving? For the world? What is it worth? You have food and clothing—a competence. What more can you enjoy? Do you seek for Pleasure? She is found in Temperance and Purity. Do you seek for Happiness? It is "a flower which grows by the wayside of Duty." Are you ambitious of Fame? She never blows her trumpet till earth and mold cover your frame. For what are you striving? Must you rush on with the tide, and break in foam and bubble, or mingle yourself with the dark waters in the sudden roar of speedy death? What a very nothing—an objectless and aimless vanity—is a life without God! Hist, mortal—thou art dying now!



Cast a look upward. Let the world go. Rise on this beam of life. Seize on the promises of God, which, like rainbows over the gulf, bend to embrace you. Religion, the faith of the Gospel, will alone satisfy the longing of thy immortal nature—will alone make life worth living for—eternity worth possessing. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

"Go, wing thy flight from star to star,  
From world to luminous world, as far  
As the universe spreads its flaming wall;  
Take all the pleasure of all the spheres,  
And multiply each through endless years,  
One minute of heaven is worth them all."

Yes, O, yes. Reason and conscience say it, for heaven is of God, the alone supreme Good. Are you striving for heaven? Is it your daily and hourly work to get there?

THE SECRET-PRATING CHRISTIAN.—Here is one who was never known on earth; perhaps in all the right-hand company, none can recollect his name. He was very poor. He had no money to give to the cause of Christ—hardly the two mites; and he was very plain, simple, and unlearned. He could not express himself. But his name is Israel. He was a prince with God, and see how often he has prevailed. And here is another, who was bedridden for many years, could not work, could not visit, could not write; but she could pray. And see what a benefactress she has been! See this long list of affectionate intercessions for her relatives, and neighbors, and friends; these many supplications for the Church and the world, for missions, for mourners in Zion! And see the answers! What a Dorcas she has been, though she

could make no garments for the poor! What a Phoebe, though she could not stir a step! What a Priscilla, though she could expound the way of God to few—for her prayers often did it all. And here is another. He had just escaped from Papal darkness, and was beginning to enlighten others, when he was put in prison; and after months of languishing he went up from Smithfield in his chariot of fire, a martyr of Jesus Christ. He never preached. He was refused the use of ink and pen. He wrote nothing. He printed nothing, he spoke to none, for thick dungeon walls inclosed him. But he prayed. From the height of his sanctuary the Lord looked down; he heard the groaning of this prisoner, and in the Reformation sent the answer.

HOW TO DIE IN FAITH.—Would you then be so happy as to die in faith, take these *advice*s:

1. Be careful to get faith beforehand; for death is a time to use faith, not to get it. They were foolish virgins who had their oil to buy when the bridegroom was close at hand.

2. Study to live every day in the exercise of faith, and be still improving and making use of Christ in all his offices, and for all those ends and uses which God hath given him to believers.

3. Frequently clear up your evidences for heaven, and beware of letting sin blot them to you.

4. Record and lay up the experiences of God's kind dealings with you, and be often reflecting upon them, that you may have them ready at hand in the hour of death.

5. Meditate much on those promises which have been sweet and comfortable to you in the time of trial, and beg that the Lord may bring them to your remembrance when you come to die.

## Items, Literary, Scientific, and Religious.

GENESEE COLLEGE.—REV. J. CUMMINGS.—We are pleased to notice that the Presidency of Genesee College, made vacant by the resignation of Dr. Tefft, has been filled by the election of the Rev. Joseph Cummings, of the New England conference, to that office. We have had an intimate personal acquaintance with brother Cummings since 1831, when we commenced our academic course in the Maine Wesleyan Seminary. We have known him as a student, a teacher, a companion in the social relations of life, and as a Christian minister, and most cordially and heartily do we commend the choice made by the Trustees of the Genesee College, and congratulate the friends of the College upon the acquisition of such a man to their Faculty. Scholarship, talent, urbanity of manner, and wise discretion eminently qualify him for the place. Such is our judgment. Professor William Hopkins, of Auburn, has been elected to fill the vacancy of one of the professors who resigned at the same time with Dr. Tefft. This is also said to be an admirable selection. The College as well as Seminary are represented as being in a highly prosperous condition.

REV. S. SEAGER.—Dr. Crow has resigned the office of Principal in the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary in

order to enter upon his duties in the College. The vacancy has been filled by the choice of Rev. S. Seager, A. M. Brother Seager has already filled the office for eight years with great ability and success. He retired from it a few years since to devote himself more directly to the work of the ministry. No selection, we are satisfied, could give more general satisfaction to the friends of the institution. The friends of both the above institutions seem rallying vigorously to their support.

Dr. J. T. PECK.—Rev. Jesse T. Peck, D. D., has been appointed Associate Corresponding Secretary and Editor of Tracts, and will attend to all letters of correspondence pertaining to the Society's operations. His address is 200 Mulberry-street, New York. Brother Stevens will attend all of the annual conferences as heretofore, and present the claims of the cause in person; while Dr. Peck will visit the principal cities in the east, and such of the conferences, in company with brother Stevens, as his duties will allow. Dr. Peck is an able, energetic, and efficient man, and his appointment is a most capital one.

BOOK DEPOSITORY IN BOSTON.—Under the efficient supervision of brother J. P. Magee, a steady and rapid advance has been realized in this concern.

The amount of business for 1852 was \$35,668; for 1853, \$47,524; making an increase for the year of \$11,856. Brother Magee is also doing well for the Repository, as he sends out seventeen hundred, being an increase of six hundred upon last year.

**HARVARD COLLEGE.**—Hon. Jonathan Phillips made a donation in January of ten thousand dollars to Harvard University, for the increase of the endowment of the Greek professorship in Harvard College.

**THE HUMAN HAIR.**—It may not be generally known that the human hair—light hair—held up to the sun, presents all the phenomena of the prism, giving the various colors of the rainbow. Isolated hairs will give at their end the circle, colored as the rainbow. The hair, therefore, is proved to be triangular, and possessing the properties of the prism.

**THE OLDEST BRIDGE.**—The largest and oldest bridge in the world is said to be that at Kingtung, in China, where it forms a perfect road from the top of one lofty mountain to the top of another.

**GLASS BOTTLES.**—Glass bottles were first made in England, about 1558. The art of making glass bottles and drinking-glasses was known to the Romans in the year 79; they have been found in the ruins of Pompeii.

**STUPENDOUS CANAL.**—The most stupendous canal in the world is one in China, which passes over two thousand miles, and to forty-one cities. It was commenced in the tenth century. A monster work of man!

**TO KINDLE A FIRE.**—To start a fire in the morning, take a piece or two of rosin, the size of an ounce ball or chestnut; wrap it loosely in paper, and set the paper on fire. About one cent's worth a week will kindle two fires.

**NON-CONFORMITY.**—Well may Non-Conformists place faith and confidence in the voluntary principle, seeing what they have accomplished by it. In the reign of William III the freeholders of England and Wales were divided thus: Conformists, 2,477,254; Non-Conformists, 108,676; Roman Catholics, 13,356; and probably the proportion of the total population was not very dissimilar. Now, out of 34,967 places of worship, with accommodation for 10,252,563 people, the Non-Conformists of all classes have 20,890 chapels, capable of holding 5,034,643 persons. And of their sittings they make greater use than the Church of England; for while it, on Census Sunday, only used thirty-three per cent. of its accommodation, the Wesleyan Reformers occupied forty-five per cent. of theirs, the Independents thirty-eight per cent., and the Baptists thirty-seven per cent.

**SIZES OF BOOKS.**—When the sheet of paper of which a book is made is folded into two leaves the book is called a folio; when folded into four leaves it is called quarto; when folded into eight leaves it is called octavo; when folded into twelve leaves, a duodecimo, or 12mo.; when folded into sixteen leaves, a 16mo.; when folded into eighteen leaves, 18mo., etc.

**BAD FEATHERS.**—It has been discovered that feathers unskillfully cured, and put into beds, are deadly to persons of weak lungs sleeping upon them.

**PARALYSIS.**—One of the most distinguished physicians of New England ascribes the fearful increase

in cases of paralysis to the use of stoves in close rooms, particularly in sleeping apartments.

**AMERICAN COLLEGES.**—The colleges in the United States number one hundred and twenty, though some of these are mere nominal colleges—some of them with small buildings, but no charters—some with full charters, and no buildings. Of these, sixteen are under the direction of the Baptists; seven are Episcopalian; thirteen are Methodist; eleven are Catholic; while in most of the remainder the religious sect having the control is either Presbyterian or Congregationalist. These one hundred and twenty colleges have one thousand professors, and about eleven thousand, seven hundred students. In the New England colleges, last year, there were two thousand, one hundred and sixty-three students, of whom about one-sixth were reported as preparing to become preachers, and one-third Church members.

If the same ratio holds good throughout the country, there would be among the 1,355 students in the Baptist colleges, 451 professors of religion, and 226 studying with the ministry in view. In the 576 students in Episcopal colleges, there are 192 professors, and 96 studying for the ministry. In the 982 students in Methodist colleges, there are 327 professors, and 163 purposing to preach. In colleges under the Reformed Dutch, Presbyterian, and Congregational influence, of the 7,708 students, 2,570 would be professors, and 1,285 studying for the ministry.

There are in the States 44 theological seminaries, with about 1,352 students in connection with them. Of these 225 are in Congregational, 491 in Presbyterian, 40 in Methodist, and 270 in Baptist seminaries. Adding to this number in the theological seminaries the estimated number in the colleges, we have an aggregate of 11,973 who are in college or seminary preparing to occupy the Protestant pulpit.

The law is generally the net that catches all who are not of such a profession as consists with the clerical office, and few, very few, enter college with the expectation of studying and finally practicing medicine. Neither are law schools the popular avenues to the bar. There were last year only about 500 law students in all the 16 law schools of the States. As attendance upon two courses of lectures is made essential to the obtaining of a medical degree, the medical schools are far more largely attended. The number last year matriculated was some 5,700.

**BYRON'S WIDOW.**—This lady, it seems, is still living and in good health. She was playing a sort of theatrical piece, called *Lady Bountiful*, at the last accounts, to the laborers on her estate, and in the month of January gave to each one of them a new suit of clothes. Byron's daughter, Ada, died a year or two since.

**CURING A DRUNKARD.**—An eastern journal, in some remarks on the hankering for spirituous liquors which one has who has long been a drunkard, but who has suddenly broke off from liquor-drinking, states that this hankering and the physical depression ensuing after leaving the bottle alone, may be removed by taking two or three times a day seven grains of iodide of potassium.

**"LADY HUNTINGTON'S CONNECTION."**—It is stated by Rev. John Angell James that the imperishable

seed of truth sown by some of Lady Huntington's missionaries in Nova Scotia, was carried by their convert across the ocean, that its fruit appears among the liberated negroes of Sierra Leone, and that the prosecution of an important missionary enterprise in Western Africa gives a character of new interest to the work which began in Wales under the eloquence of Whitefield, and the munificence of his noble follower, somewhat less than a century ago. The original college, in Wales, was succeeded by that of Cheshunt, in 1792, where it still exists, and is under the presidency of Dr. Stowell.

**LONDON LIQUOR-TRADE.**—Rev. R. W. Vanderkiste, author of "A Six Years' Mission among the Dens of London," in a letter to the Times, says: "London, according to the post-office directory, contained, in 1848, 2,500 bakers, 990 buttermen and cheesemongers, 1,700 butchers, 3,060 grocers and tea-dealers, 900 established dairy-keepers, 400 fishmongers, 1,800 green-grocers and fruiterers; total, 10,700, and 11,000 public houses. We may build churches and chapels, and multiply schools; but, sir, till the drunken habits of the lower orders are changed, we shall never act upon them as we would wish. While the pot-house is their church, gin their sacrament, and the tap-room their school-room for evening classes, how can we adequately act upon them for the conversion of their souls?"

**THE SPHINX.**—The Frenchman Mariete has at last succeeded in discovering the long-sought-for entrance into the Sphinx. The entrance leads into beautiful marble rooms, which are supposed to be connected by subterranean passages with similar chambers in the adjacent pyramid.

**A MAMMOTH.**—The remains of an antediluvian animal have been found near Constantine, in Algeria, in a state of great preservation. This animal must have been colossal. Its head measures nearly three feet from nape to muzzle, and thirty inches across the frontal bone. It has tusks like those of a boar, fourteen inches long, and with formidable teeth. The shoulder and leg bones are as large as those of a horse, and the curve of the ribs shows that in its girth it must have quadrupled that of the ox.

**BECOME AN EDITOR.**—Rev. J. H. Baker, formerly of Richmond, Ia., and one of our contributors, has removed to Chillicothe, O., and has taken charge of the Scioto Gazette, published daily and weekly, and formerly owned and edited by Otway Curry, Esq., who, in consequence of ill-health, has entirely relinquished editorial duties, and has gone to the practice of the law again.

**PUMPKIN OIL.**—We see it stated that a half gallon of good oil, fit for lamp burning, may be made from a gallon of pumpkin seeds. Several satisfactory experiments have been made in regard to the matter.

**TEA-EATERS.**—Dr. Julius Lehmann, in an article in the February number of the Medical Examiner on the chemico-physiological effects of tea and coffee, mentions the fact that the inhabitants of the Steppes of Central Asia, the Buratians, the Mongolians, etc., make use of tea as a common article of food. They prepare it, says the Doctor, by rubbing the leaves together, then boiling it in water, adding a little

salt to it; and after they have boiled it in water they add a little salt to it. Then pouring off the decoction from the dregs, they add to it butter and milk, and meal, if they have any, which they roast before mixing with the decoction. A person takes from twenty to forty cups daily; and even without meal, and only with a little milk, this tea often serves for weeks long as the only means of nourishment.

**COFFEE-DRINKING.**—Throughout the world there is produced yearly about 600,000,000 pounds of coffee, and of this 400,000,000 pounds are used exclusively by Europeans. In the Zollverein states of Germany the consumption of the article amounted to over 100,000,000 pounds in 1852. In fact, according to the Annals of Chemistry and Pharmacy, for September, 1853, the poorer people of Germany are living almost exclusively on potatoes and coffee. Latterly a substitute for coffee, called *surrogate*, which is six times cheaper than coffee, is used annually in Germany to the amount of about ten millions of pounds.

**RELIGION IN GREAT BRITAIN.**—Mr. Mann, in his recent volume upon "Religious Worship," reports as follows:

	Churches.	Sittings.	Per cent. to the Population.	Per cent. of entire Sittings.
Church of England.....	14,677	5,217,515	29.7	82.1
Dissenters.....	19,506	4,641,128	26.1	45.8
Roman Catholics.....	570	186,111	1.0	1.8
Latter-Day Saints, Jews, etc.	319	47,299	.3	.5
Total.....	34,467	10,212,563		

This return shows the existence of 34,467 places of worship, with 10,212,563 sittings; while the Roman Catholics have 570 chapels only, 875 priests, and 88 religious houses, of which last *seventy-three are for women*. The Papal cause presents a mere fractional minority to the strenuous and healthy Protestantism of Great Britain, while the two great forms of Protestant religion—that of the state and that of the voluntary Christians—have all but reached the maximum of fifty-eight per cent., which, it is estimated, is the amount of accommodation required, after deducting for childhood, for housekeepers, for the sick, and other classes who could not, if so disposed, be reasonably expected to attend Divine worship.

**LIGHT.**—Light, whether physical or moral, is expensive, as is shown in part by the fact that New York city paid last year, for street-lighting, \$300,000 in round numbers. *Two hundred and forty-six and a half miles* of main gas-pipes are laid in the streets.

**A MORAL.**—According to the recent annual showing of the condition of the finances of Switzerland, that Government has a surplus as large as that of the United States in proportion to population. They are the only two governments in the world with any surplus in their treasuries. What a lesson on the philosophy of government this fact teaches!

**PARIS STREET-SWEEPERS.**—The street-sweepers of Paris are organized and disciplined in a half-military fashion. The entire division is about twenty-five hundred strong, men and women. The division is made up of four legions, each of which is subdivided into three battalions. The twelve battalions are composed of six companies each; the company is divided into four sections, and the section, with a commander at its head, consists of eight or ten individuals.

## Literary Notices.

## NEW BOOKS.

HARPER'S PUBLICATIONS.—The Harpers are rising phoenix-like from the ashes. They are already able to supply the trade with the following, among other of their more important publications:

*Haydon's Autobiography.* Two Volumes. 12mo., muslin. \$1.75.

*The Insurrection in China.* With Map and Portrait. 12mo., muslin. 75 cents.

*Liberia.* By Mrs. Hale. 12mo., muslin. 75 cents.

*Anthon's Roman Antiquities.* 12mo., sheep. 87½ cents.

*Anthon's Greek Antiquities.* 12mo., sheep. 87½ cents.

*Anthon's Manual of Greek Antiquities.* 12mo., sheep. \$1.

*Alison's History of Europe.* Second Series. Volumes I and II. \$1.25 per volume.

*Brodhead's History of New York.* 8vo., muslin. \$3.

*The Czar and the Sultan.* 16mo., muslin. 50 cents.

*Goodrich's Select British Eloquence.* 8vo., muslin. \$3.

*Gray's Geology.* Wood-cuts. 12mo., sheep. 75 cents.

*Loomis's Elements of Algebra.* 12mo., sheep. 62½ cents.

*Loomis's Treatise on Algebra.* 12mo., sheep. \$1.

*Loomis's Elements of Geometry.* 8vo., sheep. 75 cents.

*Loomis's Trigonometry.* 8vo., sheep. \$1.

*Ranke's Civil Wars.* 12mo., muslin. \$1.

*Stille's Austria.* Two Volumes, 8vo. Portraits. \$3.50.

*Taylor's Memorials of the English Martyrs.* Half-calf. \$1.50.

*Upham's Mental Philosophy.* Two volumes. 12mo., sheep. \$2.50.

*Hallam's Middle Ages*—State of Europe during the Middle Ages. By Henry Hallam. 8vo., sheep extra. \$1.75.

*Story on the Constitution*—A Familiar Exposition of the Constitution of the United States. Designed for the use of school libraries and general readers. With an Appendix, containing important Public Documents illustrative of the Constitution. By Judge Story. 12mo., muslin. 75 cents.

*Anthon's Greek Lessons*—First Greek Lessons, containing the most important parts of the grammar of the Greek Language, together with appropriate exercises in the translating and writing of Greek, for the beginner. By Charles Anthon, LL. D. 12mo., sheep extra. 75 cents.

*Miss Beecher's Domestic Economy*, for the use of Young Ladies at Home and at School. Revised Edition, with numerous additions and illustrations. 12mo., muslin. 75 cents.

*Cicero de Senectute*—Cicero de Senectute, De Amicitia, and Paradoxa, and the Life of Atticus by Nepos. With English Notes, Critical and Explanatory. 12mo., sheep. 75 cents.

*Miss Beecher's Domestic Receipt Book.* A supple-

ment to her "Domestic Economy." 75 cents. For sale by H. W. Derby, Cincinnati.

A PROTESTANT'S APPEAL.—This is an appeal to the Douay Bible and other Roman Catholic standards in support of the doctrines of the Reformation. They consist of a series of lectures delivered in the Wesleyan Church in Montreal, during the winter of 1852-3, by the Rev. John Jenkins. Their delivery excited great interest, and they were listened to by four thousand people. They contain earnest, pertinent, and popular discussions of the following topics; namely, The One Source of Religious Truth; The One Head of the Catholic Church; The One Object of Religious Adoration; The One Sacrifice for Sin; The One Mediator between God and Men; The One Method of Justification; The One Agent of Regeneration; The Christian Sacraments; Purgatory; and Protestantism. Montreal: Wesleyan Book Depot. 12mo. 424 pages.

CLASSIC AND HISTORICAL PORTRAITS. By James Bruce. New York: Redfield. 1854. 12mo. 352 pages.—This work contains some sixty sketches of notorious males and females, good and bad, beginning with Sappho and ending with Madame de Stael. They are brief and to the point, giving the personal characteristics of each limned in portrait style. For sale by H. W. Derby, Cincinnati.

GAVAZZI'S LECTURES.—This book contains the entire course of lectures delivered by Gavazzi in this country, and is the only edition revised and authorized by himself. To the work is prefixed a life of the author, written by a fellow-exile, and bringing down his history to the time of his visit to this country. New York: M. W. Dodd. 1854. 12mo. 393 pages. For sale by Moore, Anderson & Co.

The following little books we have received from Carlton & Phillips, the publishers, 200 Mulberry-street, New York city:

REMARKABLE EXAMPLES OF MORAL RECOVERY: Showing the Power of Religion in Extreme Cases.—It is edited by Abel Stevens, and contains nine very striking sketches; namely, the Earl of Rochester, Hon. Robert Maxwell, the Crippled Sailor, William Howard, a Case of Recovery from Intemperance, a Striking Instance of Divine Grace, John Warren Howell, the Vessel of Gold, and Last Days of the Earl of Ducie.

THE CHECKERED SCENE; or, Memorials of Samuel Oliver, who was a bad boy, enlisted in the army, went to India, suffered much, but became a converted man, lived an exemplary life, and died a happy death.

OLD EDINBURGH.—This is a historical sketch of the ancient metropolis of Scotland, or, rather, a sketch of some of the most striking events in that history.

THE BIBLE IN MANY TONGUES.—This is a sort of biography of the Bible. We hardly know which is the most interesting period in that history—its earlier, relating to its authenticity; the later, relating to its wide diffusion and vast influence.



**AUSTRALIA.**—This embraces outline views of the topography and natural scenery of Australia, its natural productions, agricultural resources, and also a survey of its gold fields.

The last four works have been "revised" by Dr. Kidder, editor of Sunday School books.

**BURCLIFF: its Sunshine and its Clouds.** By Paul Creyton. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1854. 18mo. 295 pages.—Those who have read "Father Brighthopes" will need no farther inducement to get and read this little volume, than to know it is by the same author. They are just the kind of books to interest and benefit children; and, indeed, the heart and intellect of many an adult may be benefited by the perusal of them, and by a study of the characters so truthfully delineated. Every city can furnish scores of John Treffields; but happy is the neighborhood that can boast of a single Oliver Treffield. To fully appreciate all the scenes, characters, language, etc., one needs some knowledge of New England character and habits. For sale by H. W. Derby, Cincinnati.

**CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS AT CHESNUT HILL.** By Cousin May. By the same Publishers. 16mo. 168 pages.—"Cousin May" has gathered here the stories that were told in the "merry Christmas party at grand-papa's last year." They are fine stories, and "Cousin May" has here proved herself a capital reporter—lively as a cricket, and as piquant as you please. Every body seems to have been delighted with the party; and we think every body, especially the "wee-bodies," will be charmed with "Cousin May's" account of it. For sale by H. W. Derby, Cincinnati.

**LITTLE BLOSSOM'S REWARD.** A Christmas Book for Children. By Mrs. Emily Hare. Illustrated. By the same Publishers. 16mo. 141 pages.—Another fine Christmas story, which we recommend to all our young friends.

**ESTELLE'S STORIES ABOUT DOGS: for Good Boys and Girls.** With six plates with illuminated borders. By the same Publishers. 16mo. 128 pages.—We have no doubt every boy who sees this notice will want this book, whether he is a good boy or not. Here he will find all about the Newfoundland dog, and about the grayhound, and the staghound, and the spaniel, and also about the Bernadine dog, which hunts up the travelers that are buried under the snow among the Alps in Switzerland. One of these dogs had saved the lives of no less than forty persons who were lost and perishing under the snow. H. W. Derby, of Cincinnati, sells all these little books.

**THE WORKING MAN'S WAY IN THE WORLD.** New York: Redfield. 1854. 12mo. 359 pp.—This is the autobiography of a journeyman printer, who passed through various scenes and sustained various characters in London, Paris, Bristol, etc. It is a narrative full of interest; but the author had the same misfortune that Dickens seems to have experienced. He rarely ever encounters a professor of religion or a Christian minister who is not either contemptible for his weakness or knavery. How much poison—virulent poison—is in this manner preserved in our English literature! The narrative borrows not a little of its interest from the simplicity of the style.

## PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

**NATIONAL MAGAZINE,** for March, is a capital number. We learn that the editor, Rev. Abel Stevens, is hereafter to devote his attention more entirely to it; and this, we doubt not, will contribute largely to its substantial value as well as popularity.

**THE HORTICULTURAL REVIEW, AND BOTANICAL MAGAZINE,** is the title of a new magazine conducted by J. A. Warder and James W. Ward, and published by H. W. Derby, Cincinnati, at \$3 per annum.

We have received the March number of the **ODD FELLOWS' LITERARY CASKET**, edited by Rev. W. P. Strickland, D. D. This is the third number of a new magazine started in Cincinnati. It is well filled with interesting literary matter, and its mechanical execution is excellent. It is published by Tidball & Turner, 130 Walnut-street, Cincinnati. Price, \$2 per annum, in advance.

**BLACKWOOD,** for February, contains Abyssinian Aberrations, Part III of the Quiet Heart, National Gallery, Macaulay's Speeches, A Glance at Turkish History, Fifty Years in both Hemispheres, A Sporting Settler in Ceylon, and Gray's Letters. For sale by R. Post, Cincinnati.

**NORTH BRITISH REVIEW,** for February, contains, The Text of Shakspeare, Exegetical Study at the English Universities, National Music, University Representation, Herodotus, Struggles and Tendencies of German Protestantism, M. Arago, Botanical Geography, and the War in the East. Published by L. Scott & Co., 79 Fulton-street, New York; and for sale by R. Post, Cincinnati.

**MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION OF CINCINNATI.**—The nineteenth annual report of this flourishing institution is before us. It numbers about 2,400 members; volumes in library, 13,839, being an increase during the past year of 1,198; the reading-room is supplied with 130 newspapers—many of them dailies—and 61 magazines. The receipts for the year have been \$9,243.55, and the expenditures for the same period \$8,985.93. Every intelligent young man in the city ought to be a member of this Association. The annual fee is but three dollars, and this will give access to a splendid library and reading-room.

**ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.**—This is a document of one hundred and twenty-eight pages, giving full details of the Union for the past year. The circulation of the Sunday School Advocate is 120,000; number of pages printed by the Union during the year 1853 is 240,756,000; number of bound volumes issued, 595,656; number in paper covers, 392,201; number of Children's Tracts, 325,800. Whole number of schools, 9,438; teachers and officers, 102,732; scholars, 525,008; volumes, 1,524,150; Bible classes, 7,717; scholars in infant classes, 51,324; conversions, 16,916.

**ANNUAL REPORTS OF THE INDIANA HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE.**—The whole number of patients, 570. Among the causes of insanity we observe 43 from religious excitement and anxieties; constitutional, 35; domestic afflictions, 27; spiritual-rappings, 26; dis-appointment in love, 23; intemperate drinking, 17:

excessive use of tobacco, 16, etc. Number making profession of religion, 834; non-professors, 236.

**CATALOGUE OF M'KENDREE COLLEGE.**—Rev. Dr. Akers is President of this institution; and the Faculty has, during the past year, been strengthened by the election of Rev. N. E. Cobleigh, A. M., of the New England conference, to the Professorship of Ancient Languages. The total number of students in the College and Preparatory departments is 214. The College is evidently in a very prosperous condition at this time.

**CATALOGUE OF AMENIA SEMINARY.**—This institution is located in Dutchess county, N. Y., and is under the special care of the New York conference.

Rev. J. W. Beach, A. M., is the Principal. The past year is reported to have been the most prosperous of its existence. It has an able Faculty, and "turns out" good students.

**CIRCULAR OF MISSOURI CONFERENCE SEMINARY.**—This institution is located at Jackson, Mo. Rev. Werter R. Davis, A. M., is the Principal, and he is assisted by four teachers. A fine building has been erected; an extensive and systematic course of study has been adopted.

**THE CLAIMS OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH EXAMINED AND TESTED BY SCRIPTURE,** is the title of a pamphlet by Rev. Stephen Spochynski, late a priest in the Roman Catholic Church of Patterson, N. J.

## Mirror of Apothegm, Wit, Repartee, and Anecdote.

**HUSBANDS AND WIVES.**—Addison has left on record the following important sentence: "Two persons who have chosen each other out of all the species, with a design to be each other's mutual comfort and entertainment, have in that action bound themselves to be good-humored, affable, forgiving, patient, and joyful, with respect to each other's frailties and imperfections, to the end of their lives."

**A NUTSHELL OF TRUTH.**—Here is a brief paragraph into which a big heap of truth is squeezed: Did you ever scratch the end of a piece of timber slightly elevated with a pin? Though scarcely heard at one end it was distinctly heard at the other. Just so it is with any merit, excellence, or good work. It will sooner be heard of and applauded and rewarded on the other side of the globe than by your immediate acquaintances.

**WITCHES.**—The first instance of witchcraft known in New England occurred in Connecticut, where Mary Johnson was executed at Hartford, early in the year 1645. Witches were hung in England twenty-nine years after the illusive error was over in this country. Massachusetts colonists were neither the first nor the last of those who believed in the delusion.

**MUTATIONS OF WORDS.**—Helter-skelter is a contraction of the Latin *Hilariter celeriter*, "cheerfully and quickly." Hocus-pocus is in like manner a verbal mutation of *Hoc est corpus*, "This is my body."

**BITTER SPIRITS.**—Pliny tells of Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, that in her extravagance at a supper made for Marcus Antonius, she dissolved a pearl in vinegar, and drank it off, and prepared another, both of which were valued at near five thousand pounds. But, O, the many precious pearls of patience, humility, love, brotherly kindness, etc.—worth many thousands of gold and silver—that are dissolved by the vinegar sourness of men's spirits, in the sharp dissensions that are among us!

**THE OBSTINATE SINNER DESERVING ETERNITY OF PUNISHMENT, AND WHY.**—Two men playing at tables by an inch of candle in the night-time, and being very earnest in their game, the candle goeth out, and they perforce give over, who, no doubt, if the light

had lasted, would have played all night very willingly. This inch of candle is the time of life allotted to a wicked man, who is resolved to spend it all in sinful pleasures and pastimes; if it would last perpetually, he would never leave his play: and, therefore, since he would sin eternally—though by reason the light of his life goeth out, he can not—he deserveth eternal punishment.

**HOW TO TEST THE TEMPER OF A YOUNG LADY.**—If you wish to ascertain the temper of young lady, look at her nails and the tips of her gloves. If they are jagged and much bitten, you may be sure she is peevish, irritable, quarrelsome, and too ready to show her teeth at the smallest provocation. This is an infallible test that every ill-tempered young lady carries at her fingers'-ends.

**A BRIEF COMMENT ON THE TEXT.**—"THE WORLD OWES EVERY ONE A LIVING."—That the "world owes every one a living" is an impudent and mischievous fiction. The world only furnishes us the tools by which we may carve out our own fortunes. Our "living" is the reward which Nature confers upon us for the labor we perform. This covenant she makes with each one of us as soon as we come into the world. If we fail in the fulfillment of our part of it, what right have we to expect that she will fulfill hers?

**A BEAUTIFUL EMBLEM.**—At Ewell there is a fountain of pure water springing up by the roadside, and spreading wider and deeper, till it turns several mills. I noticed after a shower that the rain washed the chalky soil of the road into the water which came from the spring; but for a long while I perceived a line of pure water running directly through the dirty water, the one not mixing at all with the other. The current from the spring was too powerful to permit the defiled water from the road to mix with it. What a beautiful emblem of the Christian's course through the world! Purified by divine grace, and impelled onward by the active spirit of holiness, he passes through the world without mixing with its pollution.

**DON'T QUOTE LATIN.**—It is said that when Sir G. Murray attempted to excuse himself from taking

office under the Duke of Wellington, on account of his inexperience in public speaking, "Poh, poh!" said the Duke, "do as I do; say what you think, and don't quote Latin."

**DEATH OF WEBSTER.**—This fine stanza is from a poem in the *National Era* on the death of Daniel Webster:

"How well he fell asleep!  
Like some proud river, widening toward the sea,  
Calmly and grandly, silently and deep,  
Life joined eternity."

**THE GOWN.**—A talented D. D., belonging to Edinburgh, paid a visit to Newcastle. In the course of his stay he was invited to preach to a congregation, the pastor of which, in conformity to the custom of his Church, wears a cassock and gown in the pulpit. While the doctor was preparing in the ante-room for his ministerial duties, the beadle entered and offered to assist him on with his gown. "Gown, sir!" replied the doctor, in a voice which nearly frightened the beadle out of his wits, "my wife wears the gown; I wear the breeches."

### Editor's Table.

**EDITORIAL NOTE.**—Several articles in the present number are longer than we supposed them to be when we prepared them for the press. But we think our readers, after learning their worth, will commend us for not cutting them down. In consequence of this, however, we have been obliged to defer several papers designed for this number. Their authors will hear from them in due season. Our "Editor's Repository" has also been more abridged than we intended; and as for our "Editor's Table," it has been crowded into a decidedly narrow corner. But we will get all we can into this corner.

**ARTICLES DECLINED.**—We receive, monthly, twice or three times as much original matter as our pages will contain. We are glad it is so. For, though it imposes more labor, it gives us a choice, enables us to make a selection, and we are, therefore, enabled to attain a higher standard than we could otherwise reach. And then, again, it may help out our friends, whose articles are declined, a little. For they may flatter themselves that their articles might have passed the narrow door but for the crowd competing for entrance. And, in fact, this is often the case.

The suggestion contained in "A Letter to the Contributors to the Ladies' Repository" is not now feasible. To "A Stroll on Classic Ground," we had to give a second reading before we could make up our mind to lay it aside. "Memory of the Departed" and "Miss Snowden" are declined. "The Infant's Tomb in the Forest" has some good points, but is not well sustained. "A Parting Scene" called a tear into our eye, but it does not possess an interest sufficiently general to warrant its insertion. Notwithstanding we lay aside "Mental Culture," we would by no means dissuade its author from using her pen. An essay upon "True Greatness" possesses considerable merit, but we think it not exactly suited to our columns. "A Visit to the Five Points," and "A Day at Randall's Island," we must also lay aside. Some of the views expressed in the latter concerning the religious training of the children on Randall's Island would be very liable to be misunderstood. Our own visits to the same place, and our observations upon the mode of teaching practiced there, have led us to different conclusions from those expressed by the author. Changes, however, may have taken place.

The following poems also we must consign to the

tomb of the Capulets: "On the Seasons," "Impromptu Lines," "There is no Death," "The Widow's Prayer," "Summerfield," and several on "Spring." By the way, two or three excellent effusions on spring were received just too late, and are laid over for another spring. On our reserve list we have placed "The Victims of Niagara," "The Dead Mother," and "Amoretta."

**GOSSIP WITH CORRESPONDENTS.**—Our *Lost Portemonnaie*.—We have hardly made up our mind yet whether we shall not "pick a crow" with a brother who puts it upon us about our lost *portemonnaie*, in the following style: "In the Repository I saw the account of your disastrous trip to Wheeling, Va. I sympathized with you for the loss of your time, the chagrin and disappointment, and was just about to stretch my sympathy over the loss of your money, but just then the mischievous thought would enter my head, 'Perhaps there was none in the *portemonnaie*.'" In fact, what business has a Methodist preacher with money? And if he has no money, what 'airthly' use has he for a '*portemonnaie*?' I almost have a mind to sympathize with the disappointed fellow who got yours. If he had mine also, it would relieve me of a very *lank* incumbrance. Better luck to you next time! And may the graceless and foolish 'backslider,' who took your moneyless '*portemonnaie*,' have many a conscience-spasm for the wrong he intended to do!"

**MISCELLANY.**—My friend and the pastor of my family—Rev. J. W. Fowble—has allowed me to clip the two following paragraphs from an eloquent discourse on the religious education of children:

*Domestic Bliss.*—"I have seen domestic bliss pictured by the skillful artist; I have read of it in biographies and narratives; mine eyes have beheld it in that holiest, purest sanctuary of earthly blessedness, the Christian family, where the golden chain of affection and silken cords of sympathy have encircled and sweetly united father and sons, mother and daughters, brothers and sisters—where the enriching commerce of household wealth was carried on and increased by the exchange of looks of love and words of tenderness; at this moment groups of happy ones rise up before my imagination, and make me feel that there are some bright spots in this world darkened by sin and sorrow—some oases amid the arid deserts of life; but the grandest, sublimest, and

most enrapturing picture of domestic bliss which my mind conceives is a family in heaven! Faith paints that picture, and hope exults in anticipation of its reality."

*What is Human Government?*—"What is human government? I ask not what it is to the aspirant for office, to the demagogue, to the mere political truckster; but what is human government to the Christian parent and Christian child? I answer, 'It is an ordinance of God.' What is the ground of obedience to the Christian citizen? I answer, *Conscience*. The same authority which commands us to 'render unto God the things that are God's,' enjoins us also to 'render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's.' Plant these convictions deep in the youthful heart, and you have a pledge of the success and constancy of human government, stronger and more reliable than all the compacts and constitutions that man ever made."

*State of Morals Half a Century ago, or the First Sermon in a Backwoods Settlement.*—I very well remember, said a friend, the first sermon I ever heard, which was also the first ever preached in our settlement. My uncle, though a professed infidel, was a great friend to the promotion of morals and religion in the settlement. A new adventurer had been added to our community, and had resided among us some six months. My uncle, who had taken a fancy to the stranger, by some means learned that he was a Baptist preacher, or had been recognized as such in the east. Having got his consent to preach on the ensuing Sabbath, he went, with his gun upon his shoulder, around the settlement giving notice—at the same time declaring that but for himself there would be neither morals nor religion in the whole community. Sabbath came. The morning was beautiful; and as the appointed hour drew near, the hardy settlers—young and old—male and female—were seen gathering from every point of the compass; some on foot, some on horseback, some walking by the side of their horses upon which their wives and children were mounted, and some with their wives riding behind them. The men were accompanied by their dogs and armed with their guns. An earnest and joyous expression was upon the countenances of the women, a timid and curious one—as though something mysterious was about to happen—rested upon the children and youth. No preacher, however, appeared; and after waiting some half hour or hour, the men proposed to occupy their time in *shooting with their rifles, at a mark*. This pleasant Sabbath-day pastime had been proceeding some time, when the preacher was suddenly descried emerging from the thicket. The sport was suddenly ceased, and the men, with an expression of countenance betokening a sort of half consciousness that their pastime might be considered not altogether canonical, gathered to the place of worship. The preacher commenced the services, and throughout seemed perfectly unconscious of any impropriety in the morning's diversions. No inconsiderable part of his sermon was occupied with an account of the causes of his delay. Late the night before he had shot a deer on the distant hills, and had been out that morning to dress and bring home his game. After this odd apology, the preacher went on and delivered a good Gospel

sermon, with great energy and not a little pathos. Such was the singular origin of a movement that led to the establishment of regular preaching, and finally the organization of a society and the erection of a church in the neighborhood.

"*Is God Here?*"—"Auntie," asked my little three years' old pet, "is God here?"

"Yes," I answered.

"But is he in *this room*, auntie?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, let us kneel down!" was her instant response; and bending her dimpled knees before her little chair, she covered her eyes with her plump hands, and remained silent for some minutes. Very sweetly she looked as she knelt there, acknowledging the presence of her Maker!

*A Glimpse of Immortality.*—The Middletown Herald relates an interesting incident in the professional experience of Dr. Heaton of that county. A disease of malignant type raged to an alarming extent in his neighborhood, and among those who fell victims to it was a little boy some five or six years of age. A short time before he expired, when the poisoned hand of death had cast its shadow on his young face, and had commenced to gather his little energies for removal, and his family were gathered round the bed, looking each instant for his last struggle—his cheeks rigid and sunken—his eyes stark and unturned—lo! there was a change. His eyes brightened with a heavenly light, and his little hands were raised with apparent vigor, and, casting a look heavenward, he exclaimed, "O, how beautiful!" and in a few moments he was immortal.

*STRAY GEMS.*—Silent endurance is the soul's mother of pearl. It gives back not the keen pain, but the birth of beauty; that feeble souls may grow strong, and young joy be more glad in its loveliness. . . . Many people will be astonished when they get to heaven to find the angels laying no schemes to be made archangels. . . . Nothing elevates us so much as the presence of a spirit similar, yet superior to our own. . . . No man has a right to do as he pleases, except when he pleases to do right. . . . There never was any party, faction, sect, or cabal whatever, in which the most ignorant was not the most violent. . . . Many sacrifice their friends for money; few their money for their friends. . . . A thousand robbers are not able to strip one honest man naked. . . . God's corrections are our instructions.—*Brooks*. . . . Sour godliness is the devil's religion.—*Wesley*. . . . The snuffers of persecution make the saints' candles burn brighter.—*Dr. Wilkinson*. . . . Jacob's ladder, which conveyeth to heaven, may have its foot in a smoking cottage; and there may be a trap-door in a stately palace which may let down to hell.—*Bishop Reynolds*. . . . The serpent's eye is an ornament when placed in the dove's head.—*W. Secker*.

*CIRCULATION OF THE REPOSITORY.*—We incidentally noticed our circulation last month. Since then our progress has been onward, and the Agents find it necessary to print nineteen thousand of the present number. Our list at the time of this writing is running up rapidly on the eighteenth thousand. If our brethren will give us another lift, and help us through with the odd thousand, we will make our best editorial bow to them.













